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DANTON WALKER'S
HOLLYWOOD ON
BROADWAY

INSIDE STORY OF THE
MARILYN MONROE —
JANE RUSSELL FEUD!

VIRGINIA MAYO



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| ☐ LIGHT ASH BLONDE | ☐ GOLDEN BLONDE | ☐ BLONDE |
| ☐ LIGHT WARM BROWN | ☐ LIGHT AUBURN | ☐ AUBURN |
| ☐ MEDIUM WARM BROWN | ☐ DARK WARM BROWN | ☐ DARK BROWN |
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Hollywood stars
always wear Bur-Mil
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And here's why.
"When our stockings
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legs frequently look
unshapely, and that's
fatal," says Miss Caron,
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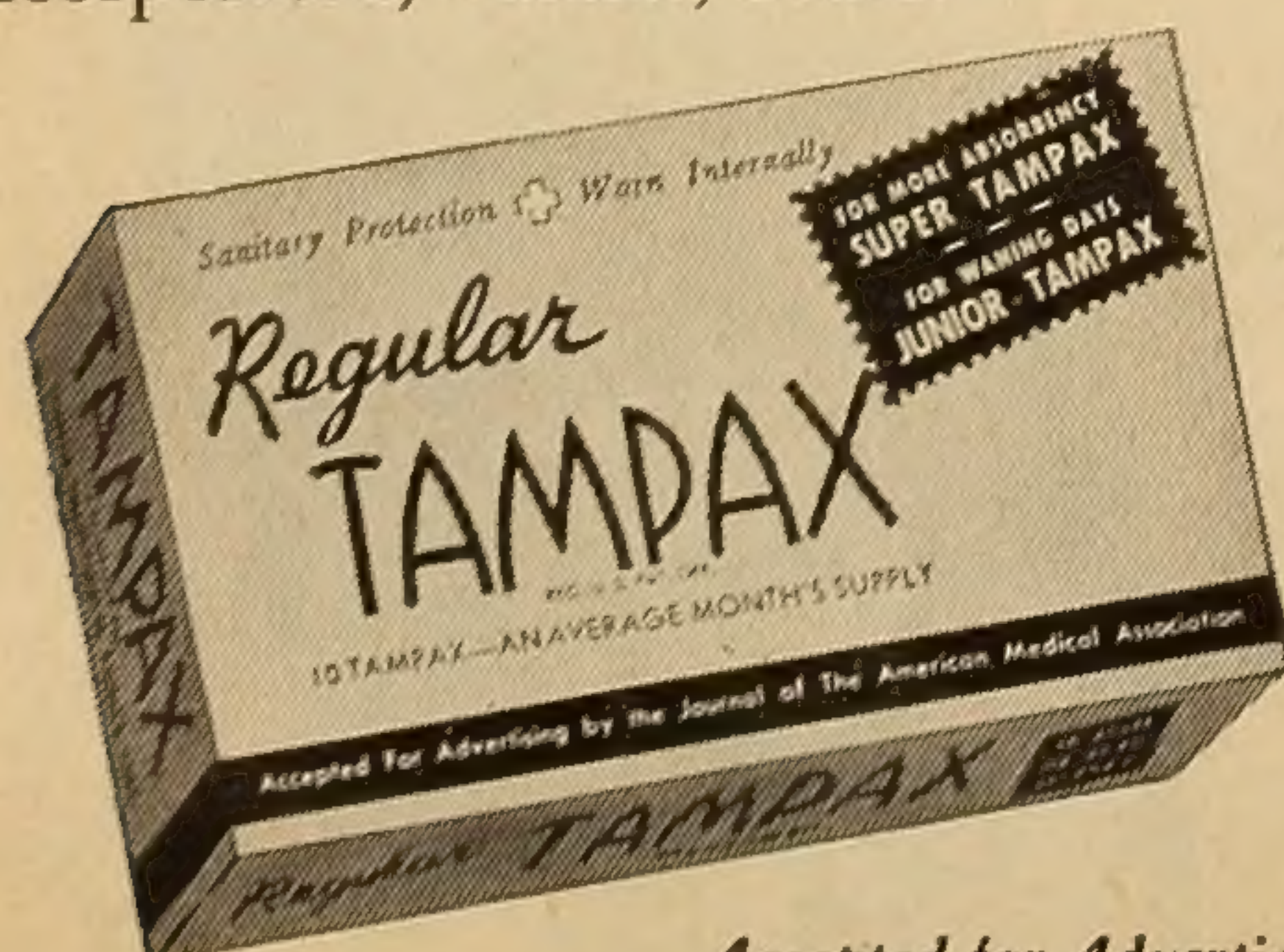
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Screenland

plus TV-LAND

Volume Fifty-Seven, Number Six April, 1953

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On the Cover, Virginia Mayo, Starring in Warners' "She's Back On Broadway"

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They land on a lonely tropic isle... 1500 strong (VERY strong!)... only to find three young beauties... who've never even seen an eligible man in all their luscious young lives! Hilarious situation... that makes for the funniest movie!

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Produced by PAUL JONES • Directed by F. HUGH HERBERT and ALVIN GANZER • Written for the Screen by F. HUGH HERBERT
Based on the novel by William Maier • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



New! Amazing Medication

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SKIN-COLORED HIDES PIMPLES WHILE IT WORKS



DOCTORS' TESTS PROVE
9 out of 10 cases cleared up
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CLEARASIL—NEW SCIENTIFIC ADVANCE

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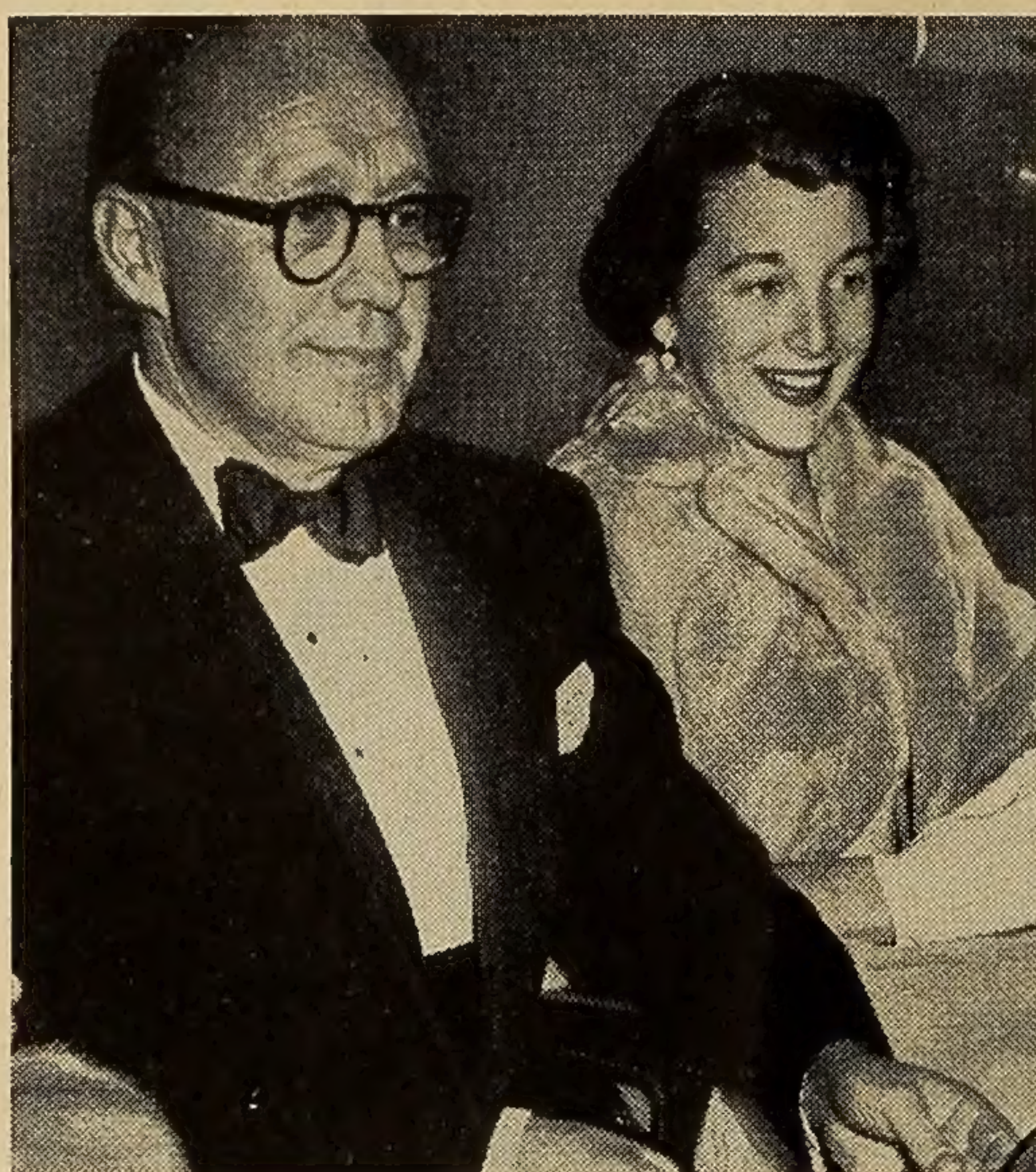
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The way
thousands of
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and dentists
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what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)



Jack Benny squires daughter Joan to the glittering premiere of "Moulin Rouge."



It looks like romance for bachelor girl Yvonne DeCarlo and Carlos Thompson.

Very sad people around 20th Century-Fox when "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" finished shooting. No more Jane Russell-Marilyn Monroe fun, see. Hollywood's kinda proud of these two gals for getting along together without temperament or falling for the attempts to get them to feuding. An added dividend in the picture will be the impersonation Jane does of Marilyn—there was such admiration for Jane as a blonde that she's approaching her husband Bob Waterfield with the idea that she should lighten her hair.

Casey Adams, the talented young composer-director, writer-actor who can do anything—but anything—in the entertainment field, wrote the new song with Ross Bagdasarian called "Das Nice, Don't Fight" which Rosemary Clooney, Jerry Lewis, and Marlene Dietrich plattered. We watched this young feller at work in San Bernardino, Calif., when a big stage show was put on for the Korean War hero, Lt. Joseph Rodriguez. The citizens of San Bernardino raised a large

fund and presented it to Rodriguez to build a home. At the same time a half-hour film called "Medal Of Honor—The Rodriguez Story" was given a world premiere, with the full Hollywood treatment. Casey was master of ceremonies and played the piano accompaniment for the act Debbie Paget and Bob Wagner did. Casey also played the piano for singer Richard Foote. Afterwards, he told us he'd never m.c.'d a show before, but you'd sure never know it. Also on hand for the premiere, although they didn't take part in the stage show—three wonderful people—Marge and Gower Champion and Gene Nelson. It was a big night in San Bernardino—the citizens honoring their Medal of Honor hero and the Hollywood contingent coming along to pay tribute to the boy too.

Maddest gag yet to be pulled by Abbott and Costello in their new picture "Abbott And Costello Go To Mars"—when they take off in a rocket ship they fly so close to the Statue of Liberty that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11)



Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer make romantic news at opening of his movie.



Joan Tyler and Terry Moore flank Vic Damone at Jimmy McHugh's Ciro's party.

**MONTGOMERY
CLIFT**

AND

**ANNE
BAXTER**

IN

**ALFRED
HITCHCOCK'S**

"I Confess"

This
is love
with the
brand of
Hitchcock
burned in!
Filmed in
Canada's
colorful
Quebec
by
Warner
Bros.



**IF YOU
KNEW WHAT
HE KNEW—
WHAT WOULD
YOU DO ?**

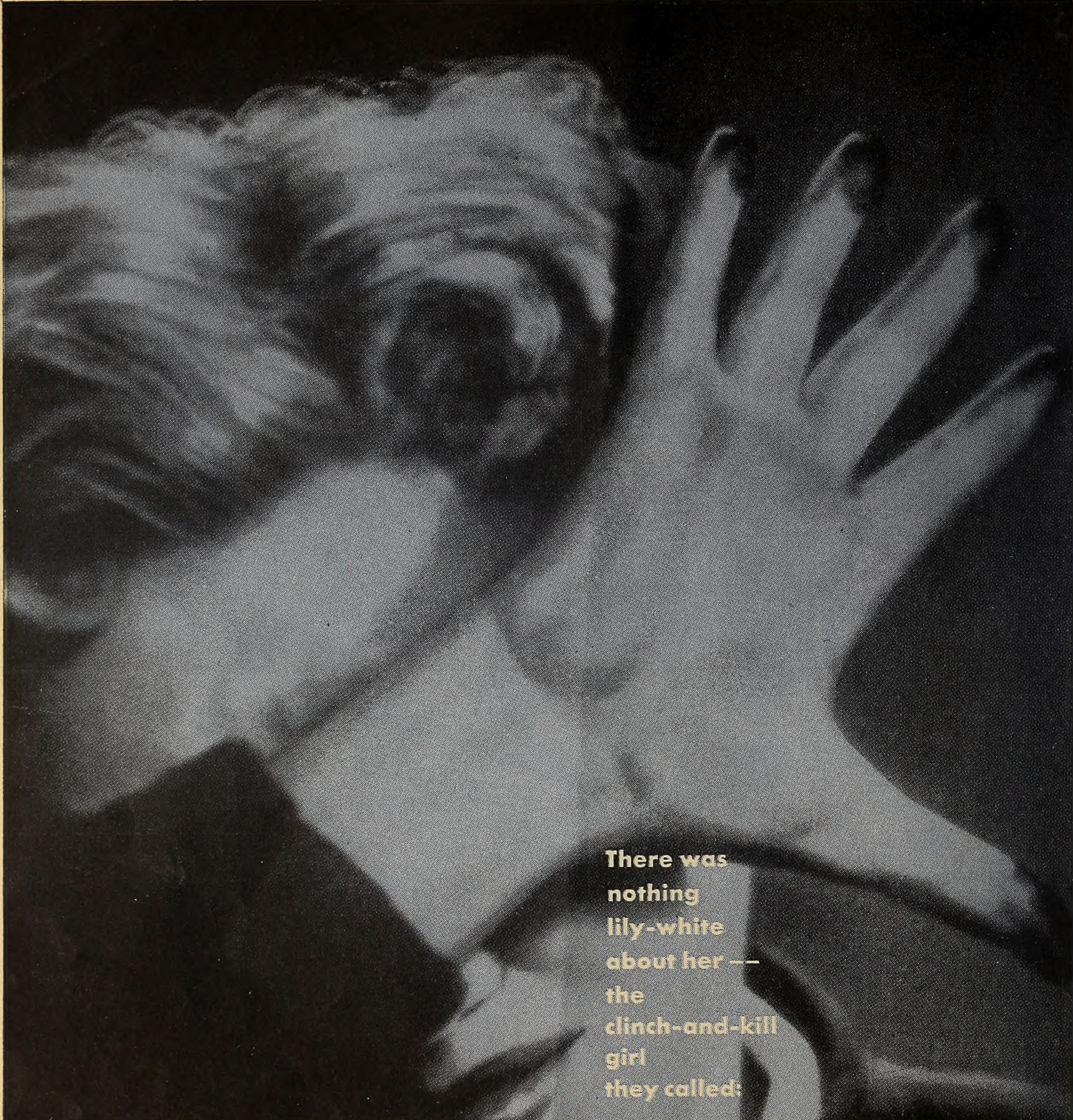
With
KARL MALDEN · BRIAN AHERNE

• Screen play by

GEORGE TABORI and WILLIAM ARCHIBALD •

Music composed and

conducted by DIMITRI TIOMKIN



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nothing
lily-white
about her --
the
clinch-and-kill
girl
they called:

THE BLUE GARDENIA

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

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IN
"THE BLUE GARDENIA"

WITH
RAYMOND BURR • JEFF DONNELL
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AND
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INTRODUCING
"BLUE GARDENIA" ★

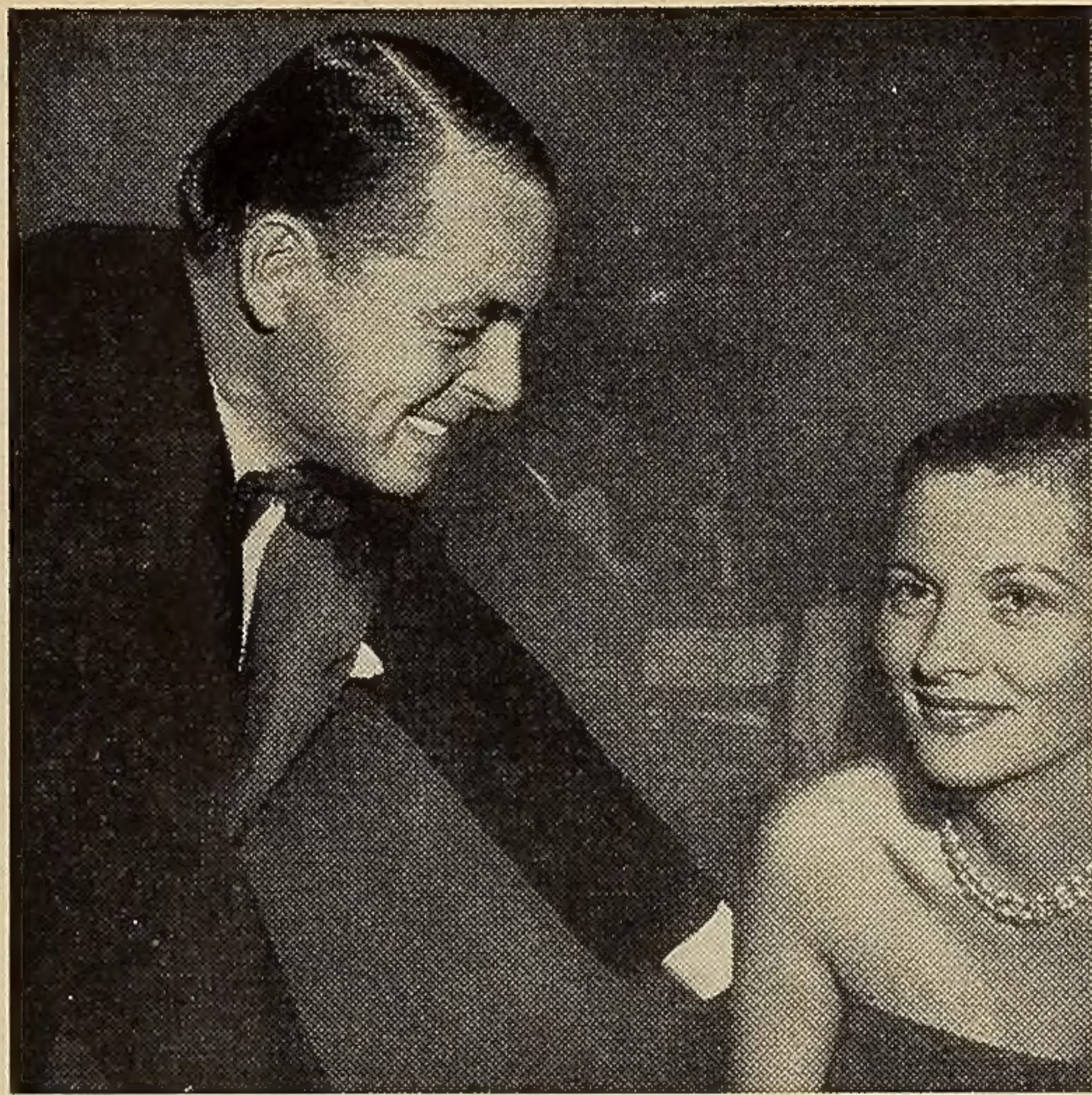


SCREEN PLAY BY CHARLES HOFFMAN • PRODUCED BY ALEX GOTTLIEB • DIRECTED BY FRITZ LANG • DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.

what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)



Ben Gage and wife Esther Williams were hosts at a party for Gov. of Wisconsin.



Collier Young beams at his bride, Joan Fontaine, during big shindig at Ciro's.



Pamela and James Mason at the Mocambo party after "Moulin Rouge" premiere.



Jane Powell and husband Geary Steffen having themselves some fun at Ciro's.

the lady has to duck. U-I technicians tried to rig up a statue that would dodge the rocket. Finally settled for statuesque Ruth Gillis, made up to look like the Liberty belle, who will make with the fast foot work when the boys whiz by.

Bob Horton and Barbara Ruick expect to get married in August, when his divorce is final. They met when they were co-starred in MGM's "Apache War Smoke." Barbara's in one of the most complicated romantic mixups to come out of Hollywood. It's a picture-type mixup but similar things have really happened in this town. In "The Affairs Of Dobie Gillis" Bobby Fosse's chasing Barbara, who's chasing Bobbie Van, who's chasing Debbie Reynolds, who only likes books. Just recently Bobbie Van married Diane Garrett and Bobby Fosse married Joan McCracken. This is a real young-type picture. Everybody connected with it is under 30 years old, including producer Arthur Loew, Jr. and director Don Weis. It's a story of the mishaps of a bunch of young college kids, and should be great fun to see.

Just don't get fresh with Doris Day—that's all. On account of she's learning the fine art of wielding a bull whip out to Warner Bros. for "Calamity Jane."

Right on the heels of the Joan Fontaine-Olivia de Havilland truce comes the news that Joan, bride of Collier Young, and his ex-wife and business partner Ida Lupino, want to make a picture together in Europe. Mr. Y., you know, is the godfather of Ida and Howard Duff's child—so it's nice to hear that people can be intelligent about their domestic affairs.

Slated to make a comeback in her career is Eleanor Holm, who retired from same when she married Billy Rose. The gal's had a bad time through the break-up of the marriage and Hollywood will roll out a very friendly red carpet to help her forget her unhappiness.

When Paramount held the big press premiere of the new Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis comedy "The Stooge," guess who helped usher the columnists to their seats—yep, it was Jerry, putting on a one-man floor show while Dean sat sedately in the audience with Mrs. M.

Big surprise when John Barrymore, Jr. eloped to Las Vegas with actress Cara Williams. He didn't even bother to ask the blessing of his Aunt Ethel—probably

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)



New finer MUM stops odor longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

- **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains M-3, an amazingly effective "odor-bacteria" fighter. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.
- **Creamier** new Mum is safe for normal skin. Contains no harsh ingredients.
- **No waste.** No drying out. New Mum is the *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Usable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar of Mum today.
- **Safe for clothes.** Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering, guaranteed not to rot or discolor even the finest fabrics.



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CREAM DEODORANT

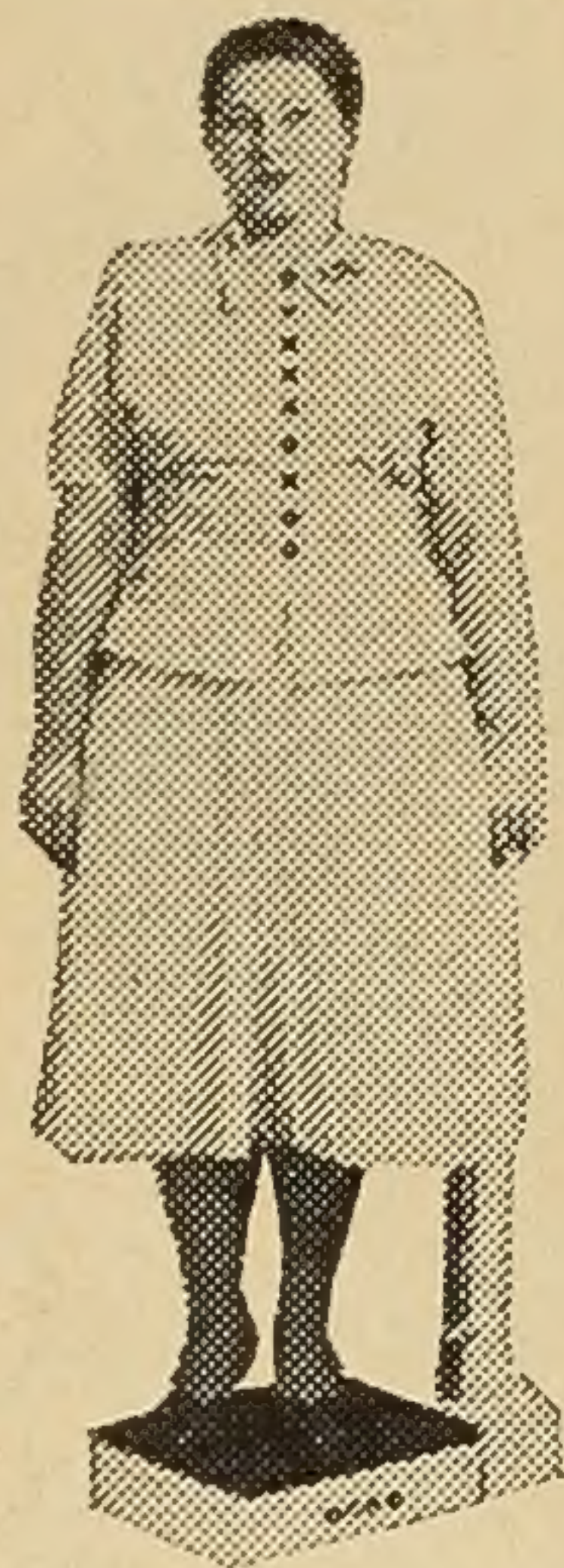
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LOSE UGLY FAT

UP TO
7 POUNDS IN 7 DAYS
THIS NEW SAFE EASY WAY

"I went from 188 to 159 pounds—lost 29 pounds in 33 days, and now wear a size 16 dress instead of a size 20."

Mrs. Jewel Evans
154 No. Dillon St.
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"I lost 29 lbs."

"I have been under a heavy schedule with church work but I have had more pep and vitality than usual while using DURELL. I think the DURELL method of reducing is ideal. I lost 6 inches around my waist, as well as 29 pounds. I never had a hungry moment. I am so thrilled with results, I am going to lose another 25 pounds with DURELL."

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Save with
U.S. DEFENSE BONDS

what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)



Gay night club atmosphere notwithstanding, Diana Lynn appears to be in a very serious frame of mind during brief conversation with Spike Jones and wife Helen.

afraid she wouldn't give it. Junior gives every indication that he's inherited his father's flair for doing the unpredictable.

The temperamental Mario Lanza had a change of mood after the birth of his son, who his pop thinks will be a singer because he bellers so loud, and figured perhaps he should go back to work, make up with all the friends and business associates he's hurt so badly, and generally try to be a nice guy again. High time, too—when anyone has had the fantastic breaks in fame and fortune that Lanza has he should be a little grateful.

The new penthouse apartment Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis moved into is sheer heaven to them. But no matter how much magic they both practice, there are still those dinner dishes to be washed and ironed—Tony usually gets the chore.

Charlton Heston and his wife Lydia Clark hung on to the shabby coldwater



Zsa Zsa Gabor, aisle-hopping at premiere, chats with Deborah Kerr and friends.



Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell stepping out for a gay evening at swanky Ciro's.

flat they lived in when they were struggling young actors in New York, until a few months ago, when, to their disappointment, they learned they'd have to vacate on account of the building was condemned and torn down because it was too dilapidated to hold up any longer.

For the first time in her life—and the last, according to her—Virginia Mayo was served breakfast in bed. But it was on the set of Warners' "She's Back On Broadway," not at home. Reason she's had it—she spent two days eating twelve breakfasts before the scene was completed.

Lonesomest boy in town—John Hodiak after he and Anne Baxter split up. Afraid most of the sympathy goes to John, who's

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)



THE
ORCHIDS
...THE
FURS
...THE
DIAMONDS
THAT
WERE THE
STAR'S
WERE
ALL GONE
NOW...
AND NOTHING
REMAINED
...BUT
THE
WOMAN!

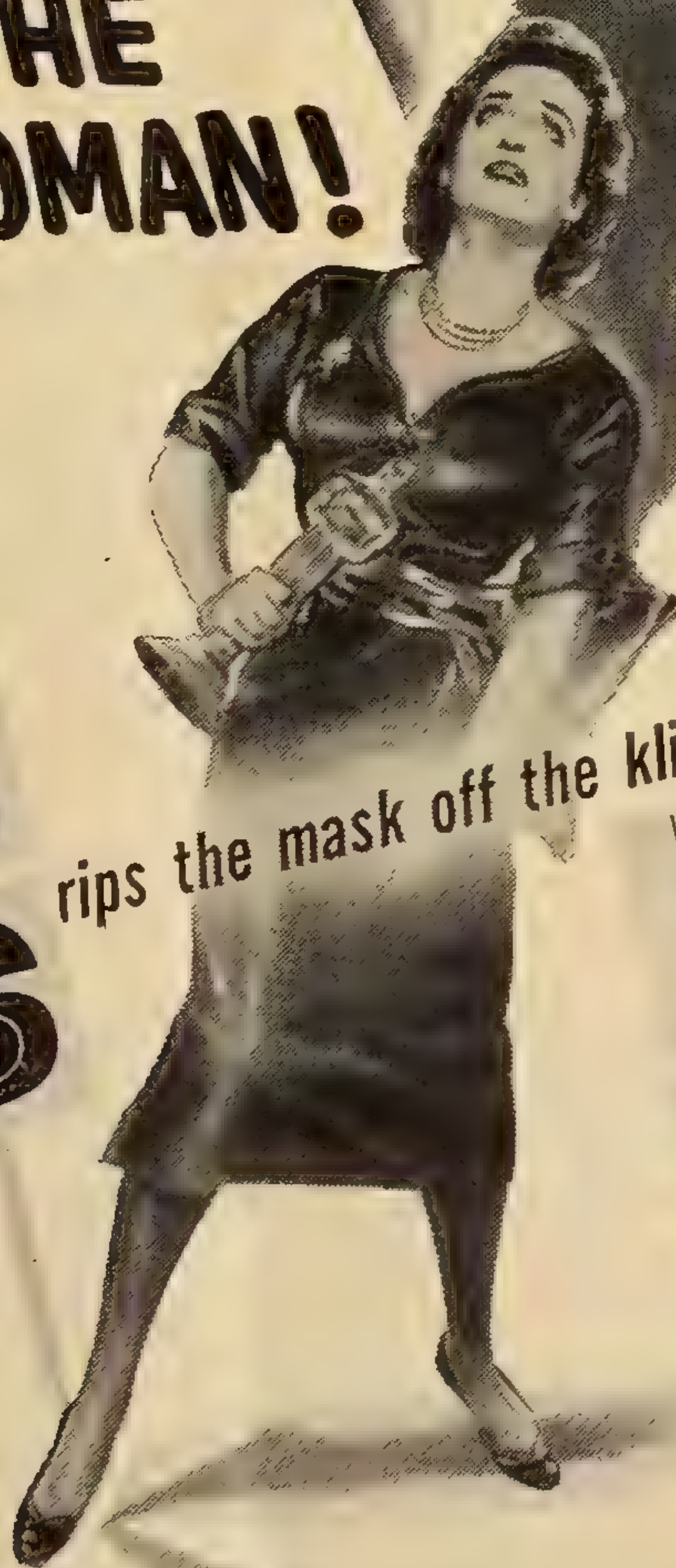
Only the Star of Stars could accept the challenge of such a role...the greatest triumph of the twice winner of the Academy Award!

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THE MAGNIFICENT

BETTE
DAVIS

rips the mask off the klieg capital in

"THE
STAR"



Twinkle, twinkle
klieg-light star... be
the woman that you are.
When the Hollywood
star fades...the
woman is born.

co-starring **STERLING HAYDEN**

with NATALIE WOOD • WARNER ANDERSON • MINOR WATSON • JUNE TRAVIS

Produced by BERT E. FRIEDLOB • Directed by STUART HEISLER • Original Story and Screenplay by KATHERINE ALBERT and DALE EUNSON

Music composed and conducted by VICTOR YOUNG • A BERT E. FRIEDLOB Production • Released by 20th Century-Fox



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WAYNE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL NURSING, INC.
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Colette Marchand, a woman of the streets, attracts Jose Ferrer's interest since she is one of few who isn't revolted by his appearance in "Moulin Rouge."

Your guide to current films

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill



A trio of singing stars, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Lauritz Melchior and Rosemary Clooney, make "The Stars Are Singing," delightful. It's Rosemary's first film.

Moulin Rouge

AN ARTISTIC tapestry of France in the 1880's is created by Jose Ferrer as the crippled artist, *Toulouse-Lautrec*. Film opens in the Moulin Rouge cafe where *Lautrec* goes nightly to sketch the divergent characters that watch the colorful can-can dancers. In flashbacks you are carried to the youth of *Lautrec*, how his childhood accident occurred, and the tragedy that drove him to seek an artist's life. The two women in his life are portrayed by Colette Marchand and Suzanne Flon. Colette as a woman of the streets attracts *Lautrec's* interest since she is one of the few who isn't revolted by his appearance. He soon learns that hers is not love and wonders if the prophecy of his youth—that no girl could ever marry such as he—will continue throughout his life. When true love does come in the person of Suzanne Flon, he doesn't realize it until it is too late. Before death overtakes him, *Lautrec* becomes the first living man to have his work accepted by the Louvre. Many of the artist's more famous paintings are exhibited in the film, plus beautiful color, and vivid portrayals. Zsa Zsa Gabor as the singer at Moulin Rouge contributes to the beauty and mood of Director John Huston's latest creation. United Artists Release

The Star

THE death of a movie star, and the rebirth of a wife and mother are the pivotal points that Bette Davis covers in this study of a declining actress. When her furniture is auctioned off and her relatives and agent desert her, Bette gets drunk and runs afoul of the law. Her fine is paid by Sterling Hayden, a young man she once "discovered" for one of her movies, but who is now in the boat business. She hides out from newspaper reporters at Hayden's home, but when she hears of a part, scampers back to Hollywood to beg for a test. Alone in the projection room she sees what Hayden, her agent and the studio have been trying to tell her, she can't compete with

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)



Sterling Hayden tries to comfort the fading Bette Davis in "The Star."



Are you in the know?

To learn "the truth" about your pals —

- ☐ Let them tell it with costumes
☐ Study palmistry

Who'd guess that timid Theresa secretly longs to be a Mata Hari? And Bill (The Shoulders) hankers to whip up the world's best soufflé? Give a "secret ambition" party! You'll get a line on your gang—with their togs representing the life they'd really like! As for you, you're safe from revealing lines (that certain kind)—with Kotex. Just trust those special, flat *pressed ends*. And you get double *protection*—extra absorbency plus that *safety center*.



Can you offset bowlegged gams with

- ☐ Grace ☐ Exercise ☐ Blue jeans

If Nature threw a curve when she built dem bones, exercise won't straighten 'em. To offset that bowed look, acquire graceful posture; avoid shorts, snug-fitting jeans. Wear skirts with a graceful flare—at the right length for you. For *every* gal (come calendar days) there's a "just right" absorbency of Kotex. Regular, Junior, Super.

While dancing, which policy's best?

- ☐ Cool chatter ☐ Wait for the tone signal

Should you be a conversational ball of fire? Chances are, he'll prefer good footwork to clicking the pearly gums. Try a few remarks re the music; if he's for yacketty, let him set the tone. And if it's "that" time—keep prancing in *comfort*. Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it: *this napkin holds its shape!*



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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Remember how puzzled you were when "that" day arrived for the first time? Maybe you know some youngster *now* who's in the same boat. Help her out! Send today for the new *free* booklet "You're A Young Lady Now." Written for girls aged 9 to 12, it tells her all she needs to know, *beforehand*. Button-bright! Write P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 343, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.



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Your guide to current films

CONTINUED

youth. Shocked, she picks up her young daughter by a former marriage, and hurries back to Hayden and a new career of homemaker. Dominating the screen at all times La Davis gives a sharp portrayal of the fading star, with excellent backing from Natalie Woods (*the teenage daughter*) and Warner Anderson (*the agent*). It is a Bert Friedlob production. 20th Century-Fox

The I Don't Care Girl

MITZI GAYNOR sets off a Technicolor explosion of Terpsichore and temperamental as *Eva Tanguay* the "I Don't Care Girl." When producer George Jessel starts to film the star's flamboyant, uninhibited life he interviews the three men important in her career. David Wayne pictures himself as the starmaker who discovered *Eva* in a restaurant and persuaded her to join his vaudeville act. Oscar Levant, however, claims that Wayne drank so much that *Eva* had to turn to him for advice and that it was he who helped her introduce her carefree singing-dancing style. Bob Graham, the man that *Eva* loves, but continually battles with, believes that it was their love that inspired the Ziegfeld star to her greatest success. Film seems to catch fire primarily when Mitzi goes into her flashy, high stepping dance numbers, particularly the "Beale Street Blues" routine. 20th Century-Fox

Three Loves

THE excitement, misery and rapture of falling in love are recalled by James

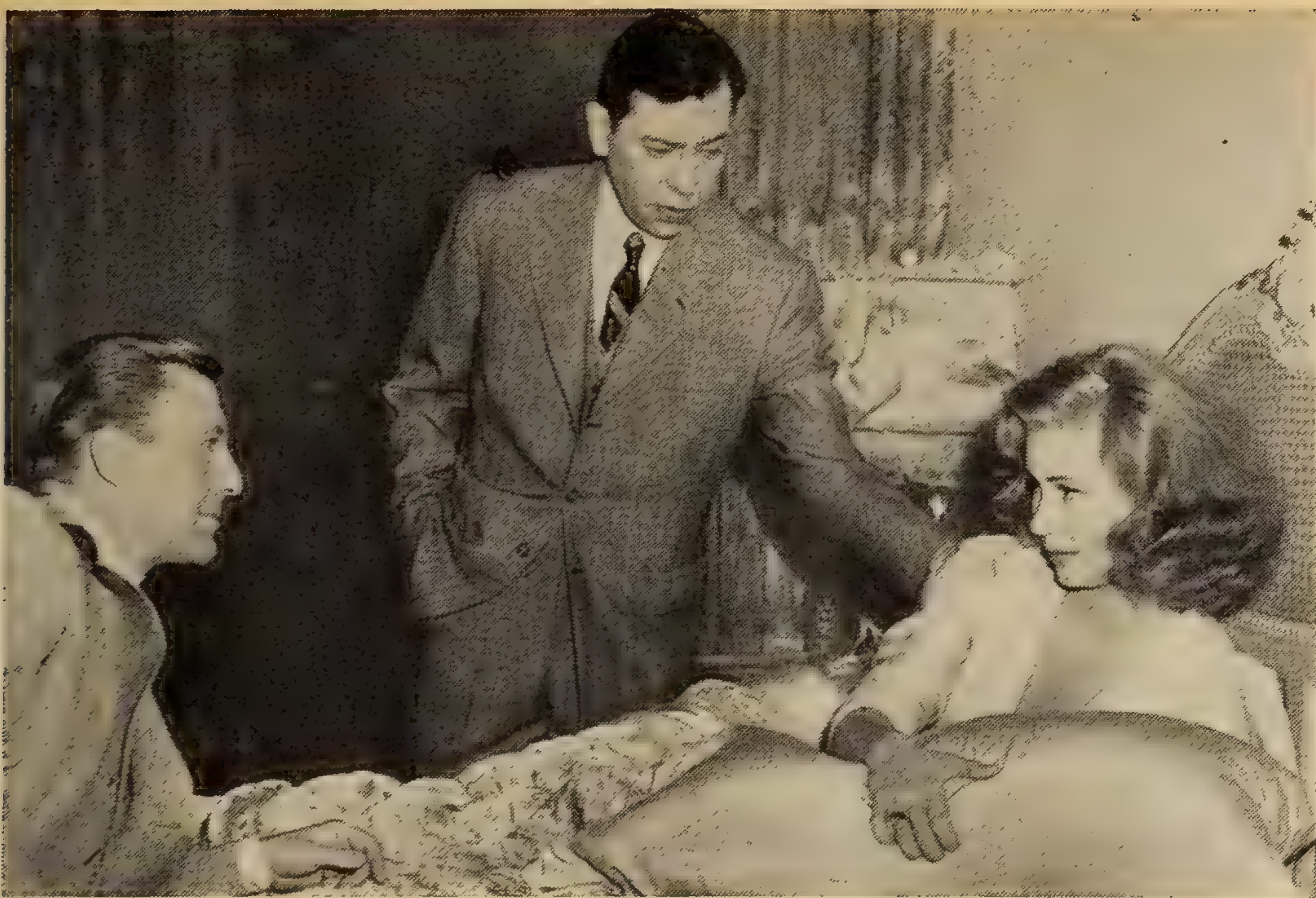
Mason, Leslie Caron and Kirk Douglas in this Technicolor trilogy of romance. Mason, a driving ballet impresario, remembers his tragic love for ballerina Moira Shearer. Her dancing inspired him to write a famous ballet, but she never heard it because she died before it could be introduced. Leslie daydreams of her last night in Rome where she met a handsome stranger, Farley Granger, who recited poetry to her, took her for a midnight carriage ride and then abruptly disappeared. Kirk recalls Pier Angeli, the girl he saved from suicide and then taught to become a trapeze star. His reckless plan to use her in dangerous feats, backfires when he realizes his love for her and gives up his aerial work. A balanced blending of romance for all ages, with Ethel Barrymore, Ricky Nelson and Agnes Moorehead in on the fun. MGM

Peter Pan

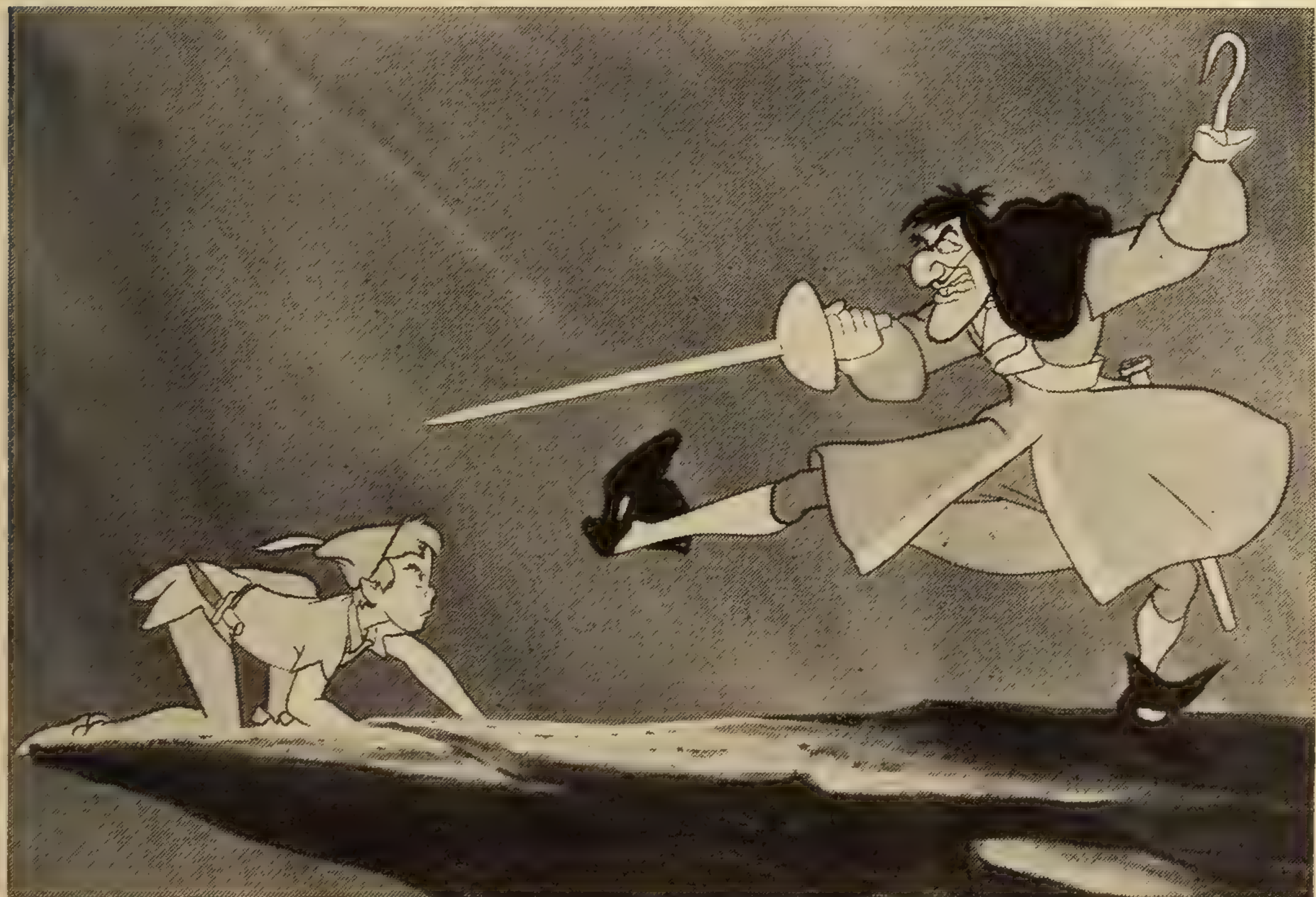
THE imaginative and whimsical touch of Walt Disney again captures the mood of this J. M. Barrie classic. "Peter Pan" emerges as a stirring combination of robust humor, delicate sentiment, and lilting music. The all-animated production, which was three years in the making, follows the adventures of the three *Darling* children, *Wendy*, *John*, and *Michael*, when they accompany *Peter Pan* and *Tinker Bell* to the enchantment of Never Land. Once away from the four walls of their nursery, they join such exciting adventure as seeing *Captain Hook* pursued by a hungry crocodile, meeting the Indian chief, and playing with "The Lost Boys." It is only when *Tinker Bell* becomes jealous of *Wendy* that the gay adventure becomes a perilous flight to gain freedom from *Captain Hook* who has been informed of *Peter Pan's* hideaway by the irrate *Tinker*. Geared to the family trade, the picture winds up happily and stands out among Disney's best pro-



Netherland prince John Derek flirts with death, destruction and pretty Barbara Rush as he goes about the business of crushing Spain in "Prince Of Pirates."



David Wayne and Oscar Levant play important parts in Mitzi Gaynor's life in "The I Don't Care Girl," the story of Eva Tanguay, fabulous vaudeville star.



The treacherous *Captain Hook* has *Peter Pan* at his mercy in this scene in Walt Disney's full-length, all-cartoon production of beloved J. M. Barrie classic.

ductions. Many will recognize the voices of Bobby Driscoll, Kathryn Beaumont, Hans Conreid, Candy Candido and Heather Angel. Walt Disney—RKO release

Gunsmoke

COWPOKE Audie Murphy has a hanker-in' to settle down on his own ranch, but up until now his reputation as a hired gunman has kept him hustling about. The little town he decides to sink his spurs in, is plagued by a land baron who is forcing the ranchers to sell their herds at Scrooge-like prices. The main hold-outs are Paul Kelly and his daughter, Susan Cabot. Kelly tried to get Audie to work for him, but he wants his own spread. Finally, Kelly offers him a gambler's chance—they'll flip cards, if

Murphy loses he'll work on the ranch, if he wins, the ranch will be his. He wins the land, plus the headache of getting the cattle to the buyers. Eventually, Audie manages to get through to both the buyers and to Susan who promises to marry him. Lots of new U-I players, plus some unusual photography gives an unexpected freshness to the Western. U-I

The Stars Are Singing

WHEN Polish refugee Katri Walenska (Anna Maria Alberghetti) jumps ship off New York, she seeks sanctuary with one-time opera great, Poldi (Lauritz Melchior). Although immigration authorities immediately start hunting the 16-year-old, Poldi's friend, Terry Brennan

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)

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Your guide to current films CONTINUED

(Rosemary Clooney) urges him to hide the child when she discovers her marvelous singing voice. Selfishly planning to exploit Katri, Terry gets her to make some recordings which she disperses to disc jockeys all over the country. Later, she arranges for the youngster to appear on TV, where immigration authorities recognize her. Katri gives herself up, but the American public has heard her sing and through their appeals she remains Stateside. A pleasantly patterned film, which will boost the names of Clooney and Alberghetti, plus a hummable tune entitled, "My Kind Of Day." Paramount

Bear Country

"BEAR COUNTRY" captures the most comical as well as dramatic behavior of America's bruins. The educational film, latest in the True-Life Adventure series which has won many awards, is entertaining and, at times, exciting. It takes the audience to the den where the bears wake up from their five months of hibernation and shows how the young cubs, who fear no natural enemy, are taught where and how to hunt for food. Particularly amusing is the three-minute stretch which illustrates how bears love to scratch themselves. The varied tempos of the music have the bruins itching to waltzes right down the line to a samba. Beautiful scenery taken at Yellowstone National Park and in Wyoming and Montana add to the interest. The foreword aptly describes the series: "This is one of a series of True-Life Adventures, presenting strange facts about the world we live in. In the making of these films, nature is the dramatist. There are no fictitious situations or characters." Walt Disney—RKO release



Leslie Caron and Farley Granger in the unusual romance story, "Three Loves."

Prince Of Pirates

JOHN DEREK seems to enjoy flirting with death and destruction as a crusading Netherland prince intent on crushing Spain's drive for world conquest. Heading a small band of volunteers, which includes orphan Barbara Rush, Derek manages to foul up his brother Stephan's alliance with Spain. Stephan (Whitfield Connor) has just ascended the throne and plans to marry Spanish princess (Carla Belinda) to unite the two countries against France. Derek learns that the princess has never seen her betrothed and in a move of strategy marries her to learn of Spain's future plans. This added information helps him to destroy the Spanish fleet, and indirectly his bride and treacherous brother. Film offers lots of swashbuckling and slap-bang adventure, plus a vivid coat of Technicolor. Columbia

END



Susan Cabot harbors no real love for cowpoke Audie Murphy, whose reputation is none too good in "Gunsmoke," Universal-International Technicolor Western.



Mona Freeman
co-starring in "ANGEL FACE",
an RKO-Radio Picture



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SHOES
F I F T H A V E N U E S T Y L E S



Fred Brisson and Roz Russell step out. Now feels like Orphan Annie, she says.

Danton Walker's HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

At work or at play, and it's usually play, visiting Hollywood stars can set even sophisticated New York back on its heels

LINDA DARNELL who made headlines last year when she said she couldn't find a man to date in Hollywood, has probably found 1953 a much better year in the Romance Department, particularly when she's gadding about Gotham. At El Morocco she shared a table for five with four eligible males and the following night she had three escorts during dinner at the Persian Room. Before departing for Hollywood, she dined with another trio of handsome men-about-town at "21" who showered her with attention and more orchids than she could possibly pin to her traveling suit. At no time during her appearances around town did she seem to be duplicating an escort, a fact which did not go unnoticed by several other screen actresses, all of whom had to do the town with lone male date. Whether she was aware of it or not, Miss Darnell created a sensation everywhere she went. 1952's complaint can never be repeated. If anything, Linda Darnell's lament in 1953 might be she would like to be left alone. . . .



Danton Walker

Hit of Broadway Vanessa Brown, Joe E. Brown and Helen Hayes meet the Mayor.



The Sidney Lumets (Rita Gam) squelched a New York furrier with a cloth coat.

A well-known furrier in the local garment sector, who has been crashing private parties and movie premieres hereabouts for the past several years by escorting screen stars, finally got his come-uppance when he suggested to Rita Gam that he would design a fabulous crystal mink coat for her to wear at one of this town's biggest annual midnight affairs if he could accompany her to the soiree. Rita Gam, in private life Mrs. Sidney Lumet, declined the offer with thanks and explained she would attend the elaborate function with her husband, and instead of mink (her own, incidentally, for she has two coats of the precious pelt) she had every intention of wearing a cloth coat. She did, too, and walked away with best dressed honors despite the presence of a wide assortment of minks, ermines and chinchillas. Rita Gam's cloth coat was a cloth of gold coat, tightly fitted at the waist and flaring out dramatically adding emphasis to an already famous figure.

When Ava Gardner left Nairobi, Africa, to go to London via a Scandinavian Airlines Royal Viking, her "Mogambo" (CONTINUED ON PAGE 71)

My Crescent is
so radiant
—so beautiful

says

ANN SHERIDAN

starring in

Universal-International's

"VERMILLION O'TOOLE"

Color by Technicolor

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Pier Angeli, Kirk Douglas share the same realistic viewpoint of life



why they fell so in love

BY MICHAEL SHERIDAN

TODAY in Hollywood, there isn't anyone who wouldn't like to see a happy ending to the romantic attachment and wooing of two of the most popular and eligible players in the movie industry . . . Pier Angeli and Kirk Douglas.

When wedding bells ring in Hollywood, the music often has a tinny, hollow sound, but chances are that if, and when, they ring for Pier and Kirk, the tune will be a soft, harmonious and encouraging one.

While perhaps on the surface it seems odd that Pier Angeli and Kirk Douglas should fall in love with each other, and perhaps Hollywood may shake its head and wonder how it happened and if it can last, basically it has every chance of succeeding.

Both Pier and Kirk have characters and temperaments that complement each other remarkably well. For instance, they both like children. Kirk counts the days and months until his two sons can be with him, cheerfully gives up all social engagements in favor of being a father. Pier today is no different from the little 12-year-old girl in Italy who prayed for a baby to mother and love.

THEY think alike, too, on how to raise children. Kirk says, "My boys have got to be tough. They have to learn to take knocks in life, but I don't want them to have as hard a time as I had. There must be a way to teach them with love and security how to stand the bad breaks everyone gets."

Pier, also, thinks discipline and regard for authority is not a bad thing. "When there is love in the home, the children are happy to be there and do not want to go outside," she says softly. "Too much freedom is not good until you know how to use it. Perhaps sometimes I would have liked more freedom than I was allowed to have, but in my home there was so much love and affection that it was not hard to give up freedom."

According to Hollywood, it is not surprising that Kirk should be head-over-heels about Pier. Who isn't? But what, they wonder, does she see in him, after her dates with young John Ericson, Arthur Loew, Jr., David Schine and the rest?

Pier herself provides the answer. "In Europe," she says simply, "we expect to marry *men*, someone we can respect and look up to. In America, your men are like little boys. A boy of 17 or 18 in Europe is already mature and independent, but here, such a boy is still a child."

Probably this is Kirk's greatest appeal for Pier—he is certainly a man, with maturity and self-respect. He is deeply in earnest about his career, determined to do his work well and honestly. While many people say Pier would be willing to give up her (CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

Sweet and unspoiled on the surface, Pier is surprisingly mature about men. ▶







the inside story of the **Marilyn-Jane Feud**

There was talk Jane at first refused to do the picture because she thought her role was second rate; when the picture started the girls spent little time together between scenes; and there was the delicate matter of who would wear the most revealing clothes, Marilyn or Jane?

By Jon Bruce

THE hottest news in Hollywood of late is the report of a blistering, blazing feud between Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell.

This is the inside story of that feud.

Of course, it's not surprising that this kind of news should have made the gossip columns. After all, look at your contestants. Both are liberally endowed in the glamour department, both have had a career built on the same kind of sexy publicity, both are enough alike in professional ways to have made news by themselves, let alone together. When they were cast in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," then, what could have been more natural than that they were supposed to immediately indulge in a backbiting campaign against each other?

The news of the supposed feud actually began as a gag. When Bob Welch, producer at Paramount where Jane had made a couple of films, heard who she was to star with he said, "Let's see who makes the first crack, and then let the fur fly." Naturally, this amused Jane and when she met Marilyn she told her what Bob had said.

In the meantime, Marilyn had heard that Jane was bringing her own cameraman, make-up man and hair dresser from RKO. Marilyn had been told by a friend, "Jane's bringing her own photographer—and he'll butcher you." This was also done as a gag. Then came the report that Marilyn was insisting on her own photographer—a completely false rumor.

True, Jane had her (CONTINUED ON PAGE 26)

◀ How do you interpret the look on Jane's face? This inside story will tell you how.



Old friend Bob Mitchum was frequent visitor of Jane's on set. That's Jane's personal make-up man posing with them.



Director Howard Hawks describes scene for "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Jane seems a trifle bored with it all.



Co-stars Jane and Marilyn rehearse one of their musical numbers. Both have had the same sort of sexy publicity.

CONTINUED

own cameraman, but only as part of the loan-out agreement her boss, Howard Hughes, made with 20th's head man, Darryl Zanuck. But the regular studio still photographer, who shoots pictures of both girls for publicity, gave each equally the Grade A treatment.

It was interesting to check on the preconceived impressions the girls had of each other before they actually met. Marilyn had liked Jane on the screen and wasn't in the least worried. As for Jane, she remarked, "Here was a girl who had the same kind of buildup that I had had, except that she was blonde while I was brunette. I wondered how that buildup had affected her, what it had done to her life, both professional and private. After I met her I couldn't see that her publicity had gone to her head in any way. I thought she was far more beautiful, too, than I had expected to find her. Her sincerity is impressive and her willingness to listen to and take advice is one of her outstanding qualities."

WHEN the two had a chance to compare notes they could see the humor of all the reports about a feud. As Jane put it, "The feud was just publicity, that's all. It amuses us both now. Marilyn is not a girl you can feud with. She is too busy doing the best job she can before the cameras."

From the beginning, Jane and Marilyn hit it off. Jane called the Monroe lass "The Round One," to which Marilyn said, "I don't know what she means by it, but I'm sure it's a friendly remark."

Rumors of a feud continued to grow, though, when it was noted that Jane and Marilyn didn't spend a lot of time together between scenes. Jane always had lunch with her friends from RKO, among whom was Bob Mitchum who was making "White Witch Doctor" on the lot. And Marilyn was busily engrossed with dramatic lessons with her coach when she had any spare time. But when they did get together they played the piano and sang songs and Jane even did some sketches of Marilyn.

Also, Jane brought her own coffee to the studio and she invited Marilyn to her dressing room to join her. During actual shooting, the two girls helped each other by cueing one another when one would slip up on a line. Howard Hawks, the director, also spent a lot of time with Marilyn because he is determined that she will give a performance in this picture that will live up to all the publicity she has had. Marilyn, being very conscientious, is naturally doing everything she can to prove she is no flash in the pan. While Marilyn has already been seen in a number of pictures, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" is her showiest role to date and she knows the film is a terrific showcase.

"Marilyn is wonderfully sincere in her work," Jane commented during production. "She is always trying to improve and wants to do her best in every scene, yet she makes no effort to steal a scene or upstage anyone ever."

There was talk for a while that Jane had at first refused to do the picture because her part was a "second rate" one compared to Marilyn's. There was no basis to this rumor either since Jane's role always was and is of equal importance. **CONTINUED ON PAGE 61**



"I'm one of the luckiest girls in the world, not only professionally, but privately."

Luckiest Blonde Alive!

*"I've had second chances in all
departments-career, marriage, even a
second chance to live," admits Marie Wilson*

BY PETER SHERWOOD

NOT so long ago, a leading French newspaper, already noted for its habitually cynical view of American concepts of moviemaking, conducted a nation-wide poll to find out who was the girl in Hollywood who had the most to be thankful for.

Strangely enough, the winner, as polled by the younger readers of the newspaper in an age group from 15 to 35, was not a shining, topflight movie star. It wasn't a newcomer like Marilyn Monroe, into whose lap filmdom's pot of gold had been unexpectedly dropped, or an old-timer who has made a miraculous comeback like Joan Crawford.

Choice of the readers of the popular Paris Journal was Marie Wilson who, although she has been seen in several pictures, such as the current "Never Wave At A WAC," is best associated with the stage, radio and TV's "My Friend Irma." How she came to be chosen by some quarter of a million readers makes interesting reporting, and why the poll was conducted in the first place is also worthy of recording.

What the newspaper really wanted to know was why so many feminine French stars fail in Hollywood. The writer cited personalities like (CONTINUED ON PAGE 5)



Zsa Zsa Gabor,
fickle singer at the
"Moulin Rouge."

"Moulin Rouge," with
Jose Ferrer as Toulouse-Lautrec, re-creates
Parisian way of life of 1880s

The
PARIS
That Used To Be

IT WAS Toulouse-Lautrec, a crippled little man but a giant in the art world, who made "Moulin Rouge" and its Can-Can girls immortal. His frenzied living typified the Paris of the 1880s. A childhood accident doomed Lautrec to be a grotesque man. Yet he had a tempestuous affair with a raucous streetwalker; unknowingly won the love of a good woman before drinking himself to death. Lautrec was first living artist whose paintings hung in Louvre. **END**



As Lautrec, Jose Ferrer gives the greatest performance of his career.



Colette Marchand, the streetwalker, lives with Lautrec to support a lover.



The Can-Can girls at the Moulin Rouge. It was the one place where Lautrec was happy.



Virginia with Oren Haglund, asst. director, on set of "She's Back On Broadway," in which she has another sexy role.



Says her husband, Mike O'Shea, "I get a kick out of sending leg art of her to the soldiers. They've darn good taste."

I'M GLAD *I'm*



"It's nice to have a husband feel about a wife the way Mike feels about me."

BY VIRGINIA MAYO

I'M ALWAYS amazed by those stars who build a screen career on glamour, then suddenly announce they're now too important to pose for cheesecake. What strange metamorphosis must take place in them?

I frankly never get tired of the parts I've played—and let's face it: they have been rather glamorous and with much emphasis on sex appeal. And what's more I don't want to do any other kind of part. I'm not the type to try anything else. And I'm glad that I'm able to face that fact and not go around being miserable because of any frustrations to be the great (CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)

"I don't think it's very honest to try to be something you're not. If you're a good cheesecake product, why not show it?" ▶

"As long as I'm asked to give
out with sex appeal, I'll give out
and be very glad to have
the chance," frankly declares Virginia,
pin-up favorite with GIs

the sexy

type!





Ty's Gay Double Life

Tyrone Power's delightfully enchanting marriage to vivacious Linda Christian is every bit as exciting and colorful as his adventurous career in pictures

FOLLOWING his road-tour of "John Brown's Body," Ty lost no time in taking his wife, Linda, on a vacation to Mexico, not merely for the pleasure of it, but to put aside, as well, the rumors that his touring around the nation, while Linda pursued her career in Hollywood and social life in New York, was not so much his desperate urge to return to the stage as it was to separate from his wife and reflect on their marital future. Linda, who resumed her screen career with "The Happy Time," is back in studio demand again as the result of her sprightly performance of the French maid. Her latest film is "Slaves Of Babylon," in which, Ty proudly boasts, she couldn't be more enticing. Two careers in the same family present no problem for the Powers. Ty in no way interferes with Linda's decisions as to roles, nor does she intrude upon his film activities. Happily, they both enjoy the same group of friends and do much entertaining of same in their palatial Beverly Hills home. Both adore their young daughter, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 69)



Ty watches as his wife makes love to Richard Conte for "Slaves Of Babylon."



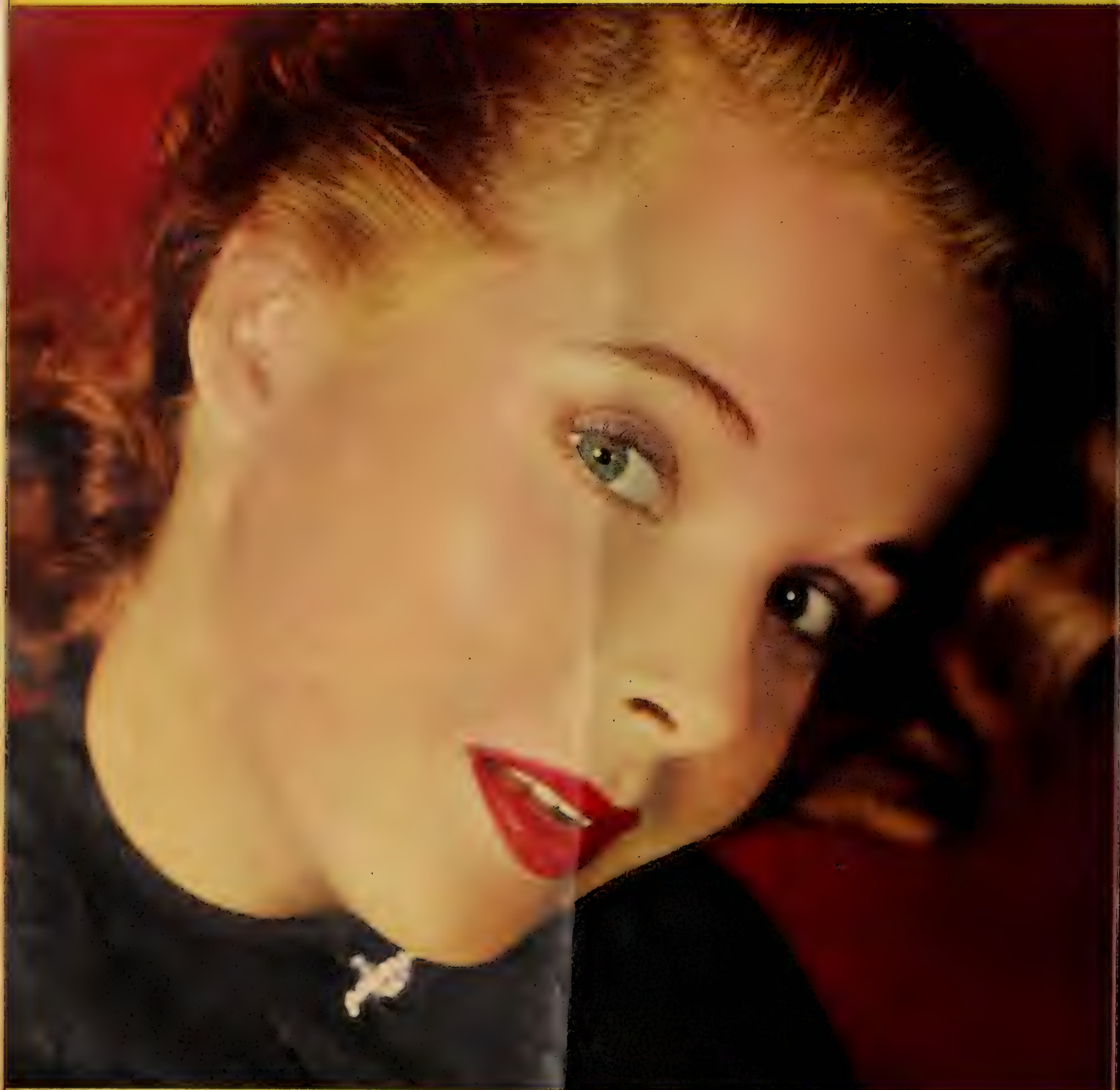
Linda, on solo trip East, cuts cake at Danny's Hideaway with Johnny Johnston, Jerry Colonna.



Ty enthusing to Julia Adams, during "Mississippi Gambler" pause, about latest antics of daughter Francesca.

◀ Refusing to give up, Ty finally captures the heart of Piper Laurie in "Mississippi Gambler."

UNCOVERING



A *New* MONA

Mona Freeman, long a hidden treasure in Hollywood, has been re-discovered and is now on her way to topflight stardom

IT was Howard Hughes who, in 1940, first brought Mona to Hollywood. She was modeling teen age fashions at the time. For two years she underwent intensive dramatic training to prepare for her first break in pictures. Then, Paramount bought up her contract and cast her as Barbara Stanwyck's young sister in "Double Indemnity." The first rushes, unfortunately, revealed that Mona photographed like a girl of 12! She was replaced. But Mona kept trying, went back to dramatic school, was satisfied to (CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)



Mona with Pat Nerney, the man she married and divorced. The experience helped Mona to acquire needed worldliness.

With Rod Cameron, Carole Richard at charity ball game. Mona is always very willing and co-operative.

Mona has sympathetic role of a nurse who's jilted by Bob Mitchum in "Angel Face." Bigger roles are awaiting her.





Mickey with Ava Gardner, his first wife. She was a shy starlet when they married in 1942. He influenced her career greatly.



Betty Jane Rase was only 17 when Mickey took her as his second beautiful wife in 1944. They had two sons.

why Glamour Girls go for



Martha Vickers gave Mickey his third son, Terry. She has custody of him.

MICKEY ROONEY's recent elopement to Las Vegas, Nev., with Elaine Mahnken, 22-year-old flame-haired model, brought no disturbing disenchantment to Hollywood. Three other beautiful girls had been married to Mickey before.

The film colony, shrugging its shapely shoulders, was certain all along that the little guy would stay in the groove, that he would adhere firmly to his distinctive pattern of winning and marrying beautiful girls—big, beautiful girls.

Elaine, his fourth bride in 10 years, like her predecessors, is in the top brackets of beauty. Like them, she also towers over her husband.

Why does diminutive 32-year-old Mickey, who stands only five feet, three in his shoes, attract beautiful girls who average around five feet, seven in their sheer nylons and in high-heel pumps loom a full head higher than he? It's easier, of course, to answer why Mickey falls for them.

The reason is he "likes tall girls better than short ones." That, anyway, was the reply he once gave his second wife, Betty Jane Rase when, curious, she queried him about it.

There are those who try to explain his fondness for lofty beauties as a mark of an inferiority complex, and further point out that (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)



Lovely Martha Vickers was Mickey's third wife. They were married in 1949, separated, then divorced in 1951.



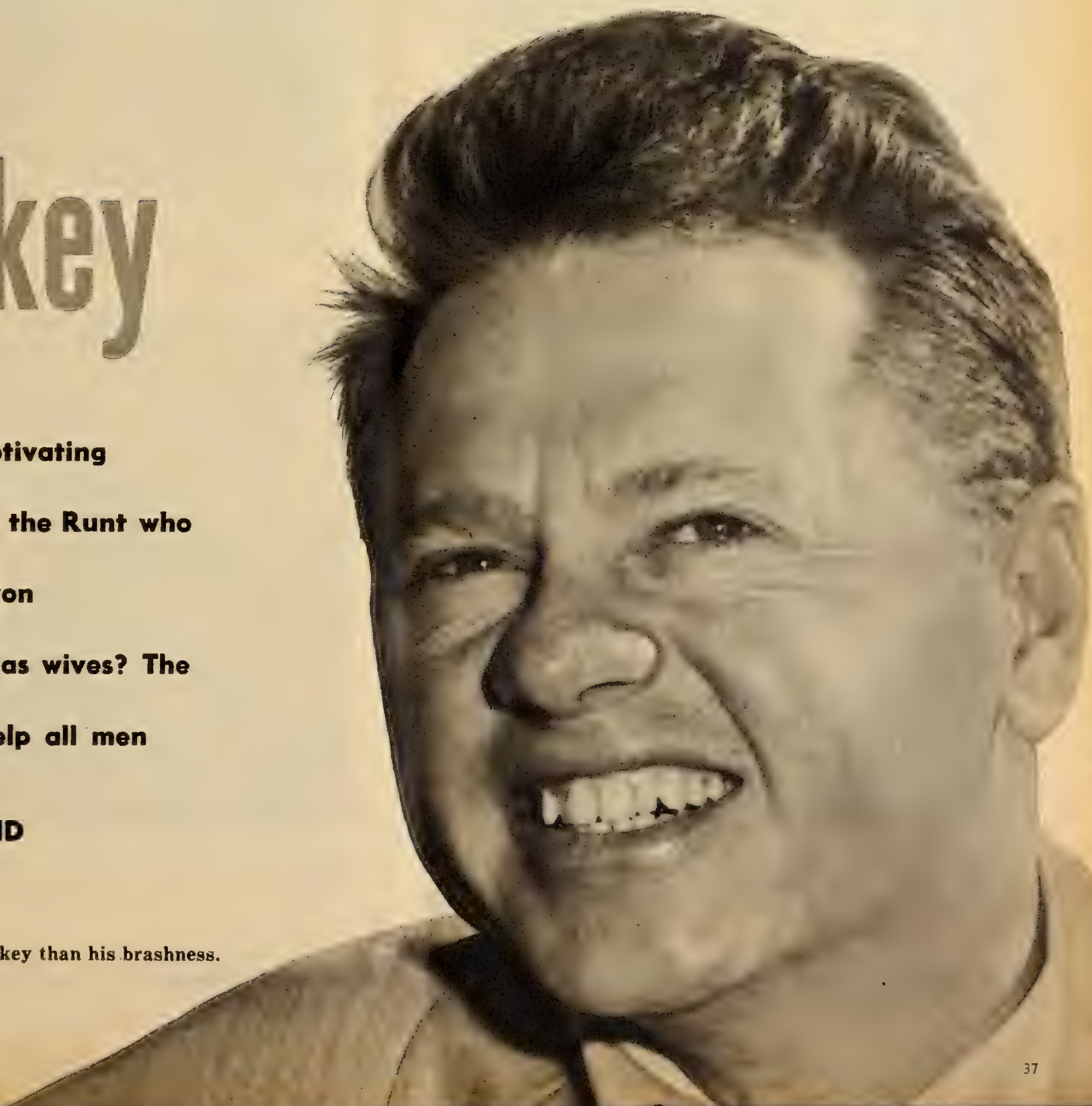
Elaine Mahnken, 22-year-old flame-haired model, is Mickey's current wife. She knew him but two months.

Mickey

**What's so captivating
about Rooney the Runt who
already has won
four beauties as wives? The
answer can help all men**

BY LOUIS REID

There's more to Mickey than his brashness.



MAGGI'S PRIVATE



Walter Winchell always wears his hat while giving out with his rapid fire delivery on his radio and TV shows.



Tallulah Bankhead and guest star David Niven during recent telecast. Her TV show ranks among the best.



Hedy Lamarr, Paul Winchell and Jerry Mahoney. Dummy was responsible for Paul spending a night in hotel lobby.



Although included in list of 10 best dressed men in TV Perry Como likes to dress informally for his rehearsals.

LISTENING IN ON WHAT'S GOING ON BEHIND THE SCENES IN TELEVISION—THE LATEST NEWS, VIEWS.

WIRE By MAGGI McNELLIS



Nina Foch, trying on Salvador Dali's \$2,000 medallion, is adding to stage and screen popularity with TV.



Dorothy Kilgallen, with Hal Block, at gala party proved herself as brilliant a hostess as she is a panelist.

LOCAL CALLS: Franchot Tone and Nina Foch may wind up being the most popular acting team in TV. Their recent performance in "Legal Affair" on "Hollywood Opening Night" is creating a tremendous demand for their joint services.

Gypsy Rose Lee (*of all people*) may surprise everyone and play Aimee Semple McPherson in a TV biography series based on the career of the famous evangelist. The talented "Gyps" could make a name for herself as a straight dramatic actress if ever given the opportunity. This may be it.

Winston Churchill's 8-year-old prize-winning cow, Gratwick Beatrice, is wanted for an appearance on the Jimmy Durante show but the cost of transporting her from England to California is too costly. The Lloyds of London insurance alone covering the proposed journey makes the entire project ridiculous.

If the Jimmy Stewarts (*she's the former Gloria Hatrick McLean, a non-professional*) follow through on the suggested Mr. and Mrs. TV show, they will favor a thirty-minute program once a week in place of three fifteen-minute programs weekly now under consideration by several CBS Television city execs in Hollywood.

Walter Winchell, whose rapid fire delivery is the fastest on TV and radio, wears his hat while telecasting just as he has always done on his broadcasts.

There's no stopping Tallulah Bankhead. Last year she conquered radio; this year her full-hour TV show ranks among the best.

Faye Emerson, who went from wearing a chignon to sporting a poodle cut, has gone back to clamping on a chignon while waiting for her hair to grow very, very long. . .

Elizabeth Taylor's asking price for TV spot commercials is \$3,000. . .

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 69)

COMINGS AND GOINGS OF FAVORITE VIDEO PERSONALITIES AND DELECTABLE TIDBITS OF GOSSIP



Dropping in on Lucy and Desi

Come on along to Rancho Arnaz

and meet America's favorite TV

couple and the other members of

the family whom you don't get

to see on "I Love Lucy"



Lucy begs to get back to TV work.



Desi says it's too soon after baby!



But Lucy knows best, Desi admits.



The family get-together around the TV set includes Desi, Lucy, little Lucy, a young friend, Lucy's nephew and brother-in-law.



Mommy and Daddy have great fun during little Lucy's swimming lesson every day, but little Lucy herself looks a bit scared.

JUDGING by the zany antics emanating from the "Ricardo" household on to millions of American television screens each Monday evening, one would almost expect to find the real life Arnaz household in a similar state of uproarious confusion. But Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, who, of course, are the famous Ricardos of CBS-TV's "I Love Lucy," live and love a quiet family life on their San Fernando Valley ranch. Well, it's a family life all right, but how quiet it can be is a question, with 2-year-old Lucy Desiree and the baby Desi 4th, born January 19—

probably the most famous baby in America long before he was born. The feeling that TV audiences catch of Lucy and Desi having such fun together strikes you in their home, too. It's the kind of comfortable, livable home where old friends drop in for an evening's talk or poker playing. Desi is the one who loves to cook, while Lucy takes charge of the children. And when Desi isn't in the kitchen, he's always building something for the house or the kids. "He's a regular putterer," reports Lucy. "He built our playroom all by himself."

END

◀ Desi is trapped between his two Lucys, Desiderio Alberto Arnaz 4th having retired.

The Jackie Gleason No One Knows

An intimate visit in his apartment with the real, out-of-character Jackie Gleason, TV's Number One Comic, reveals there's still a lot of the lost and lonely little boy in him which may explain his heartfelt appeal

BY SALLIE BELLE COX

ANYONE meeting Jackie Gleason in person for the first time and expecting to find him a typical post graduate of night clubs and vaudeville, bounded on the North by Broadway, and on the South by Walter Winchell, is in for a surprise. That's what *I* expected, and he set me back on my heels. Any preconceived ideas I had of him exploded and shot off in all directions like a bundle of fireworks.

He's much better looking in person, and there is about him such a suggestion of power that it's like meeting a Mack truck head on. His eyes are most extraordinary; they are the eyes of a hypnotist, and when he fixes them upon you, you feel like a rabbit frozen by the sudden glare of headlights. Then he smiles, and the hypnotic eyes become Irish, gay, twinkling, and crinkling at the corners. It's a smile of almost cherubic sweetness, and it's completely disarming.

He has the measured grace of a black panther, and it's easy to believe that he's a superb diver (*he was once a performer in a water follies*) for there's perfect coordination in his movements. He seems to be a person of immense vitality, and he displays an awareness of what

goes on around him that is almost as sensitive as radar.

The words "animal magnetism" surprisingly flashed through my mind as he sat opposite me in the living room of his handsome duplex apartment, his thick, dark hair, and the turkey red sports shirts he wore, set off vividly by the soft blue of dusk framed by tall windows. Behind him, hanging over the fireplace was a full-length, droopy-eyed painting of the Poor Soul. Any resemblance between the two seemed purely coincidental.

Beyond the windows, twenty floors below, was Central Park twinkling with myriads of lights, and I couldn't help remarking about the magnificent view. He glanced over his shoulder, his eyes following mine. "I like to be near the park in case I have to start sleeping there."

It sounded very droll coming from America's Number One Comedian. Hollywood offers are pouring in upon him by the dozen; Max Gordon, the Broadway producer, is planning to star him in a play; and the "Jackie Gleason For Lovers Only Music" is on the current national list of best seller recordings.

I asked him if he was returning to Hollywood (*he's already made five pictures*). "Not (CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)"



Jackie, an expert musician, plays many instruments. He composed "Melancholy Serenade," theme song of his TV show.



Jackie sits in on all script sessions, rehearses endlessly, yet never loses his warmth and understanding, nor his patience.



With Audrey Meadows who does the popular "Honeymooners" skits with him. Jackie never saves himself at rehearsals.



Bringing happiness to people is his chief aim in life. Undoubtedly it's based on the unhappiness he endured in his early years.



Watching Jackie rehearse a musical number for show you'd

never suspect he had wanted to be a psychiatrist.

BY PAUL BENEDICT



Vanessa's shoulders lure Richard Conte in "The Fighter," last film before play.



In stage hit, married man Tom Ewell feels "Seven Year Itch" with Vanessa.

Brains Need A Low Neckline

Once the "I-Qutie" of films,
Vanessa Brown has recently
come upon SEX — a
discovery which leads her to
believe that posing
in the nude is important

VANESSA BROWN, Hollywood's shapeliest mental marvel, has come upon a tremendous anatomic secret—sex is every bit as important as brains.

To prove her discovery, Vanessa is ready and willing, she has stated, to pose in the nude.

It is a startling announcement, coming from one who not too long ago was one of those horrendous young fry on the original "Quiz Kids" radio show. Then she was able—and still is—to dumbfound you with her erudition—spelling chlorophyllous, defining relativity, reciting Keats and giving the name of the vice president under Rutherford B. Hayes.

But it's goodbye now to all that heavy water on the brain. There's new glamour work to be done.

Hollywood has become convinced that Vanessa could be Venus without half trying. Indeed, as easily as tak-

ing off clothes. She has the chassis, the loveliness of line, the fairness of face for the post.

In short, at 23, a nifty number.

The reason for her willingness to appear in the all-together is that she plays the part of a model in the Broadway comedy, "The Seven Year Itch," who, in the memorable manner of Marilyn Monroe, has posed for a nude photo that is reproduced in a camera magazine.

Showing none of the staid, even restrained, attitude that once characterized her film career, Vanessa even hinted she was looking for a respectable happily-married Hollywood photographer to snap her in the raw.

Immediately, a battalion of cameramen all but battered down her door in their eagerness to do her bidding.

The petite, lovely up-and-coming Miss Brown, it seemed suddenly to the lensmen, was (CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

Vanessa is now following the back-to-nature school of acting, a new phase in her career. ►



AMAZING PERFORMANCE!

Transformation of a Tomboy

Julie Harris goes through the
emotional growing pains of adolescence
in "Member Of The Wedding"

LIKE a butterfly emerging from a cocoon, the lonely, confused *Frankie* of "The Member Of The Wedding" matures from a 12-year-old tomboy with a scraggly-looking hairdo and blue jeans, into a very feminine young lady with a new outlook on life. Julie Harris, who off-screen is twice *Frankie's* age, brings her gifts of intense, vibrant acting to this poignant study of a difficult period in a girl's life. In the course of acquiring her new femininity, *Frankie* experiences heartache and some hard facts of life. **END**



1. Boyish *Frankie*, shunned by neighborhood girls, confides in warm-hearted maid (*Ethel Waters*).



4. Rejected by the honeymooners, *Frankie* runs away and is accosted by a drunken soldier in a tavern.



2. Overjoyed by her brother's approaching marriage, *Frankie* buys an outlandish evening gown.



3. *Frankie* wants to go along with her brother and his bride (*Nancy Gates*) on their honeymoon.



5. Matured through sad experience, an awakened, well-dressed *Frankie* bids *Berenice* good-bye.



6. A glamorous girl in real life, talented *Julie Harris* is making her movie debut in this film.



1.



2.



3.

1. Tattersall check in Sanforized cotton blouse comes in three colors. \$1.98 at NEISNER BROS., Inc.

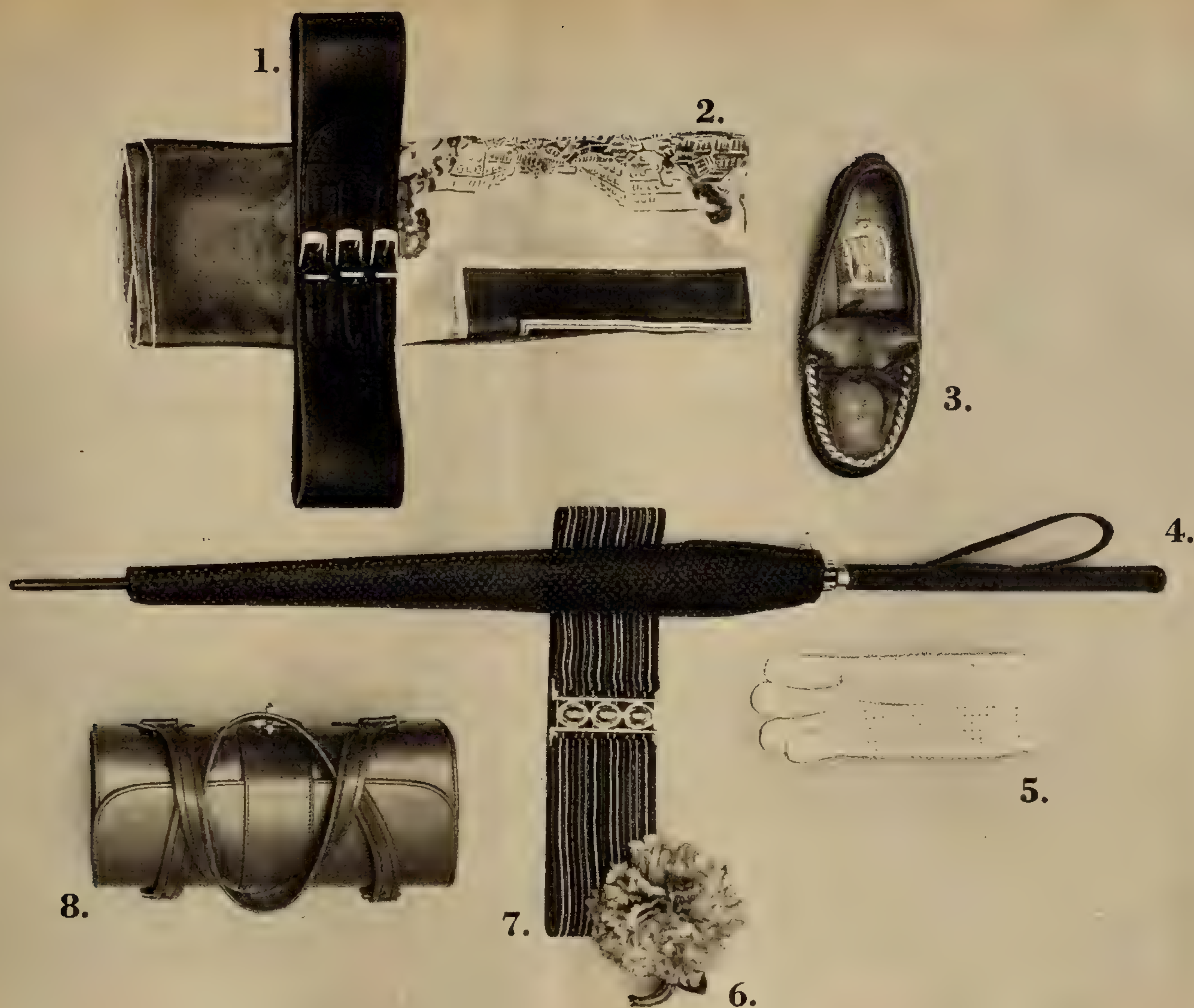
2. Grey and pink candy stripe blouse from GRANT'S. \$2.98, in sizes 32-38.

3. Laura Mae "Life" blouse from NEISNER'S is only \$1.98.

See page 50 for how to get hat directions.

Colorful

Here are bright new accessories for Spring to make flavorful accents and
add a large bonus of fashion-right color at prices designed to fit
comfortably into your carefully tailored clothing budget



Screenland Variety Values

By Marcia Moore

ACCENTS

IN APRIL, 1953, the Victorian poet's famous definition of a little girl as being "sugar and spice and everything nice" also becomes a timely description of her older sister. Accessories, crisp, color-wise and worn with a flair, are the secret of the currently fashionable insistence on having "everything nice." Our selections from the bumper crop of new arrivals in the Variety Stores are reassuring proof that top styling and attention to detail are now available to all of us, in spite of slim budgets.

1. Waist-whittling belt in black, red, turf and saddle color is big \$1 value at NEISNER'S.
2. For your scarf collection, KRESGE Stores' good-looking pink and green print. 79c.
3. W. T. GRANT'S new shoes are a miraculous \$2.99 and come in several combinations.
4. Tall and slim umbrella is \$2.98 at the MURPHY Stores.
5. McCRORY'S have the white cotton knit gloves. S. M. L. \$1.19.
6. Carnation, picked from a group, at G. C. MURPHY Stores.
7. Smart stripes in cinch belt at S. H. KRESS. 98c. Solid colors also available.
8. McCRORY'S roomy handbag in champagne, red, navy and other desirable shades of long-wearing plastic calf. \$1.59.



This casual hat is made in a single crochet stitch; the open work circling the crown is made with doubled thread.



Three balls of gold colored Knit-Cro-Sheen, scraps of white thread and grosgrain ribbon were used to make this.

PIN MONEY HATS

Screenland offers these patterns

for you to make. Needed:

less than \$1 for three balls of

thread and a little time to make

one of these crocheted charmers

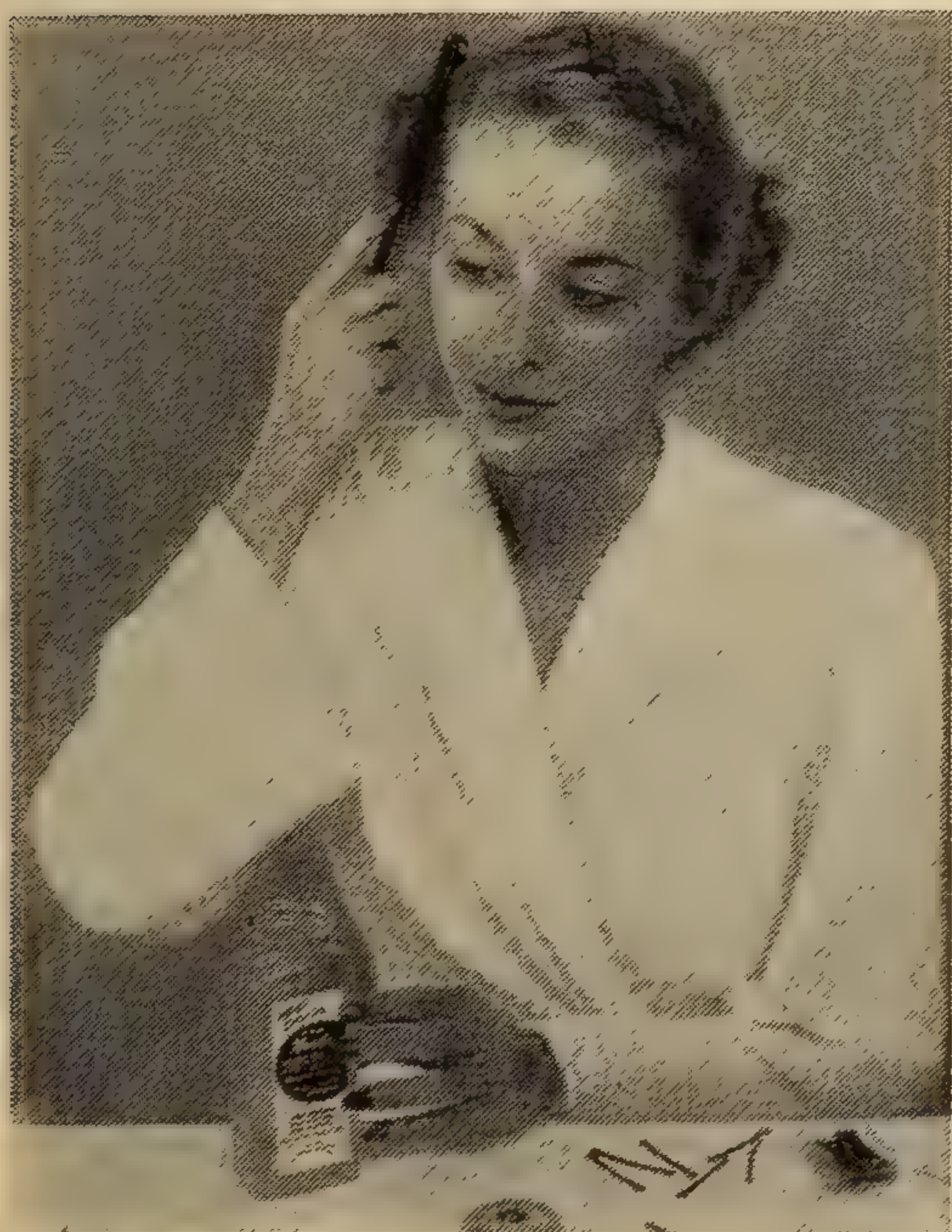


HAND-CROCHETED hats, expensive to buy at any store counter, can be yours with a little effort and less money. These and the hat shown on page 48 are made of J. & P. Coats Knit-Cro-Sheen (29c a ball), on sale at all Variety Stores. They are modeled here by Geraldine Brooks, whose next film is the Italian-made "Volcano," a U. A. release.

To obtain instructions for these hats and the one shown on page 48, send 15c (in coin) to Marcia Moore, SCREENLAND Magazine, 10 East 40th St., New York, N. Y.



Bourjois' "Carnival of Values" has Evening in Paris, Endearing, Mais Oui.



Nestle Superset Waving Lotion helps get smooth professional-looking results.



RKO's Mala Powers and hairdresser admire Lustre-Creme shampoo results.



"The Siren Look" is Helena Rubinstein's name for dramatic effect achieved by the knowledge of a few make-up tricks that you can adapt to your personality.

MAKE WAY FOR BEAUTY

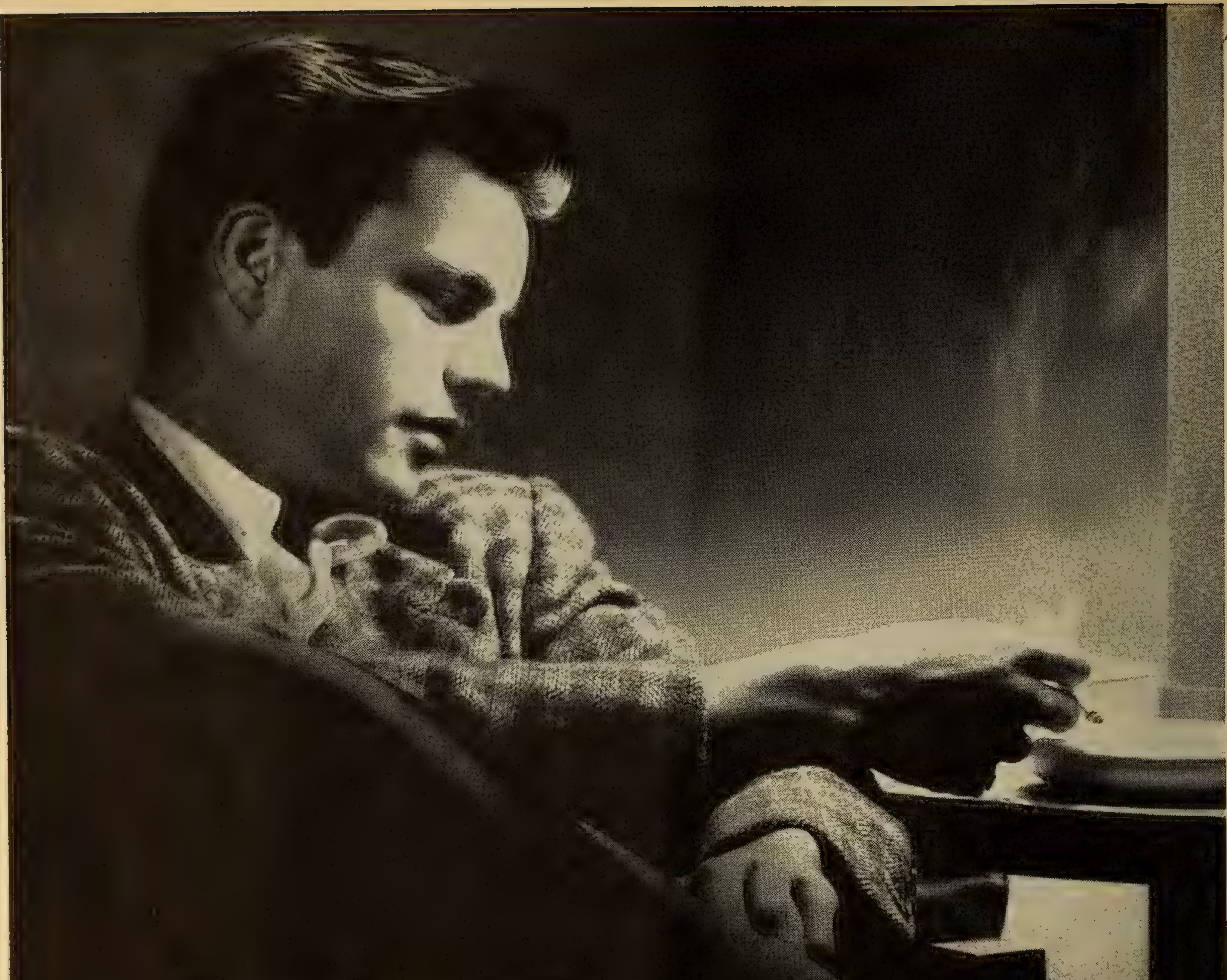
BY ELIZABETH LAPHAM

It's time to exchange your Winter-weary look for a fresh new glamour that can be the loveliest part of Spring

GIVE the experts half a chance and they'll have you done over in practically no time at all. Helena Rubinstein, for one, is eager to teach you a new make-up to give you what she calls "The Siren Look," a reassuringly feminine kind of allure designed as man-bait. You start off by applying a foundation that's quite a bit lighter in color than the shade you would have chosen ordinarily—the light tone gives your features a more striking background. Next comes an even powdering of face and neck, with the

powder matching, or lighter than the foundation.

Tricks with rouge come to the rescue at this point to work more facial magic. Just a touch of rouge blended in a half moon at the tip of the chin will make an angular face seem desirably oval. Another dot just at the inner corners of the eyes does wonders in blocking out those dark shadows at the bridge of the nose. And if you want to really bewitch—try a smidgin of rouge on the outside of your nostrils— (CONTINUED ON PAGE 73)



Girls, especially those equipped for sweaters, are Bob Wagner's hobby, but as for marrying one—well, someday . . .

Secret Life Of A Bachelor

BY RUTH CUMMINGS ROWLAND

BOB THINKS the best thing about a guy—is a doll! And even though gentlemen prefer blondes—Bob prefers them all and makes no bones about it. He's deceptively bashful-looking—but look out, girls! He packs a lot of dynamite in his slow, easy smile.

He wishes all girls with the proper equipment would wear sweaters and skirts. "I'm all for the sweater girl, myself." But he doesn't like that new kind of sweater all trimmed up with fur and

pearls and sequins and things. "A sweater should be a sweater!"

He's never forgetful about little things. Remembers every telephone number of all the girls he likes best—and that's a lot, brother. He loves to send presents and he can never wait for birthdays or Christmas.

Bob has only one hobby outside of girls. He's set on building a miniature railroad. He's building

the trains and the cars himself—and very carefully.

He loves French bathing suits—on French girls, only.

He's real gone on Dizzy Gillespie's band, Stan Kenton and Sarah Vaughn. He's a real hep cat, and likes to talk jive talk just for laughs. But he can get "thataway" about a Beethoven Concerto. "I play music the first thing in the morning . . . at night, the moment I get into the house." Loves the Rodgers and Hammerstein "South Pacific" music. Especially that salty song, "There's Nothing Like A Dame" and believes it.

Thinks girls should always wear the color "white." He explains it very carefully. "They look so clean and so pretty and so white." He thinks there is more glamour in that scrubbed look than all the chi-chi veils and things. He goes for white sport clothes, white evening clothes, white everything . . . and lots of accessories . . . like chiffon handkerchiefs, rhinestone-studded vanity cases, gold kid gloves, shoes that glitter.

He doesn't speak a foreign language, but might plunge right into learning French or Spanish one of these days. Until that time, he gets around all right with any girl from any country.

He's very good humored and likes most everyone. But he gets his stubborn streak up when . . . "anyone tries to tell me what to do! That must be the Norwegian part of me!"

He loves to wear blue jeans with turned-up cuffs, and sloppy white sweat shirts, but he's something terrific in a dinner jacket.

He loves huge dogs. "Like boxers, collies and English Shepherds." But he doesn't own any. He's crazy about his Siamese cat, Rudy . . . "who has the worst temper in Hollywood. That's because he's getting old and doesn't like it at all. Rudy was something of a Casanova in his day. But the other day, he had to go to the vet's and have two teeth pulled. Poor Rudy! Like any male, his lost youth and his lost teeth are making a neurotic out of him!"

Bob was born in Detroit on February 10, 1930.

He's mad for steak, rare—can cook it himself and prefers to. "But my friends have got to eat it on paper plates." He revolts against washing dishes. He's a real fiend for ice-box cookies.

He doesn't have to watch his weight. Can eat what he wants to and generally does. Next to steak he prefers Spanish food. Hot chili peppers, tamales, enchiladas . . . "the kind that Debbie Reynolds' mother makes." He's a real outdoor kind of guy. Plays golf in the seventies. Is a whiz at tennis. Loves to snow ski and water ski, and generally goes off with his friend, Dan Dailey. But he has a punctured ear drum suffered in a water skiing accident.

Bob's an excellent business man. "But my father doesn't think so." His father wouldn't. He wanted Bob to go into the steel business, but Bob wanted to be an actor. "I can understand my father's point of view. The acting business is so completely different from everyday business." But Wagner senior is very proud



Among girls Bob dates is Debbie Reynolds, now a topflight star at MGM. He has also dated older stars such as Barbara Stanwyck. He likes being a bachelor.

of Wagner junior these days. Looks like there's going to be a star in the family!

He doesn't think girls should chew gum. But he does it himself.

He has no interesting frustrations. He's as rugged as a tall tree. Refuses to take vitamin pills. Can't understand why people need them "With all the sun, and the sports, and the good things to eat—who wants to take a pill?"

He loves to eat chocolate layer cake late at night.

He's got brown hair that falls over his forehead sometimes . . . kind of blue grey eyes with a very naughty twinkle . . . and the kind of charm that really takes hold. Old ladies adore him . . . middle-aged ladies are terribly fond of him . . . but young ladies yearn for him! With it all, he's a man's man . . . and he's got to go places!

He can't bear small poodle dogs. "Especially when they wear those fancy bows around their collars!" Canaries make him squirm. He thinks parrots are awfully amusing. But he wants a big brown horse all of his own . . . he can ride like a cowboy from Wyoming.

Bob loves to walk in the rain in New York. "But rain in California makes me moody and depressed." He's got a real yen for New York. "It's wonderful, real exciting to walk in the rain in New York and you can walk for hours. I love the theatres there, and the new UN building

. . . and the antique shops on Third Ave. Did you ever watch the people on Broadway—thousands of them, rushing like a panic was on? It's terrific, stimulating, and I love it!"

He isn't mechanically minded. Can take anything apart, but he can't put it together again. "I haven't got the patience."

Loves to sing Johnnie Ray songs when he's in the shower and thinks he's pretty good, too. He'd never try it anywhere else.

Gets a real bang out of watching wrestling over television. Thinks Gorgeous George the best entertainer in the business. "And he can wrestle very well, too. Don't let anyone kid you!"

He doesn't go for modern music. "Can't understand it at all." Loves romantic melodic songs. Could listen to David Rose over and over. Plays the score from "The King And I" every morning before breakfast. He's got a new rave now—the London Symphony Orchestra.

He doesn't own a hat.

He likes bow ties on everyone but himself. "You know, not that wide kind, but the narrow ones in bright colors."

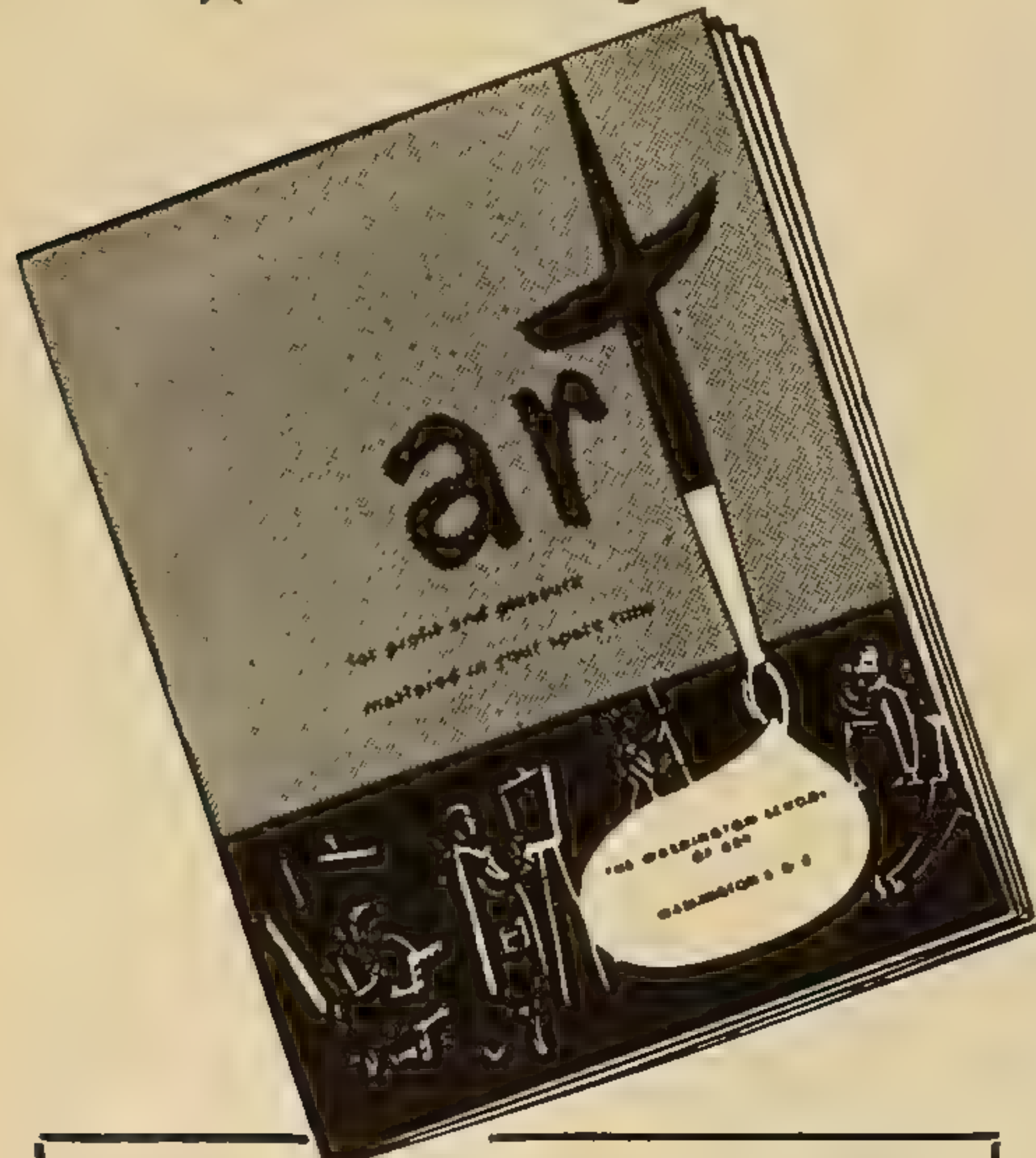
Spends a great deal of time reading every book he can lay his hands on. "I never read anything while I was at school." He's all for Hemingway now. Has read every single thing he has ever written.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)

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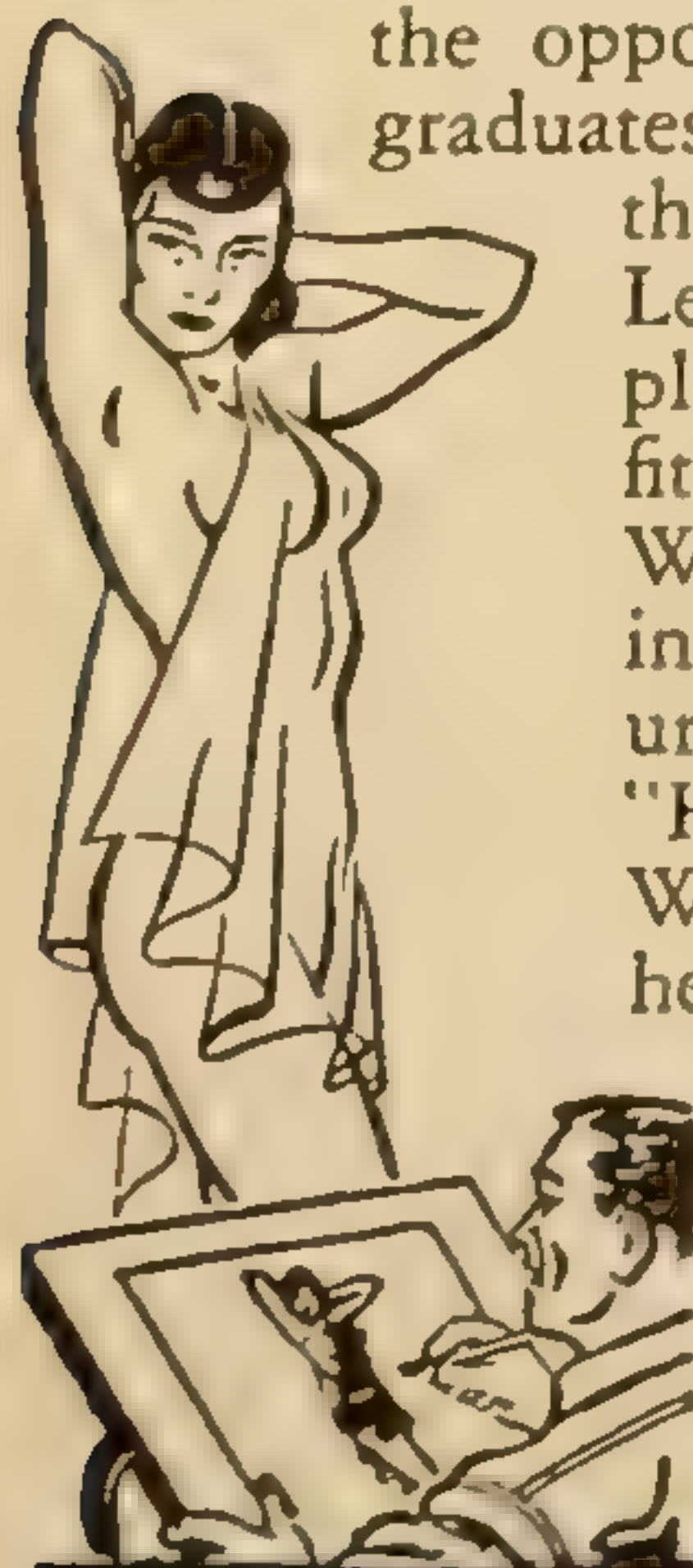
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He likes three sweet rolls every morning for breakfast—the flat, crunchy kind.

He doesn't smoke many cigars. Thinks a pipe is fun sometimes. He loves to watch bull-fighting. "It's a magnificent technique." And the blood and sand don't bother him at all.

Has great respect for Clark Gable. He used to caddy for him before breaking into pictures. "I used to ask him a hundred questions about how to break into pictures and he was always so patient about it. Then when I did get started, I'll never forget his advice to me. 'Now that you've made the grade, keep your feet on the ground. Never go high-hat. Anyone can be replaced.'" Bob has memorized these words over and over. He'd never lose his head anyway. He has too much intelligence. Would like to play those rough-tough Gable parts someday.

He loves practical jokes. Likes them played on himself, too, and never gets annoyed about it. He's got a genuine sense of humor and never forgets to laugh at himself.

He would have been in the steel business, had he not become an actor. He worked in a lot of steel mills back East, but just couldn't make it his life work. He can go back into the steel business any time he wants to. You see, his father is "Steel Business."

He wants to breed horses. Thinks Johnny Longden the greatest jockey on the track today.

He will never play cards with a stranger. But loves to play gin rummy and poker with his friends. He refuses to learn about Canasta. "That's for girls."

Loves beer. Can't abide sweet wines. Hardly ever takes a cocktail before dinner.

Has a mad yen to go to Europe. "I'd like to ski in Switzerland. Love to dance in Paris, then ski in Switzerland again."

Thinks Judy Garland the most talented singer in show business today. "I heard her in New York and she was thrilling."

Wishes like anything he could be as funny as Jerry Lewis. "But then, nobody can, except Jerry Lewis. He breaks me up every time."

He has twenty-three shirts in his wardrobe and most of them blue.

He loves loud sport jackets with big patch pockets, and has three of that type in his closet at home.

He can't understand how people can like miniature furniture, miniature chocolates, miniature anything. "I like Viking Oak—massive pieces. They're so comfortable."

He loves to dine at the Beachcombers with the girl he likes best. Lately there have been quite a few, and he loves them all.

Bob won't eat popcorn in a movie. He can't abide the stuff.

Is real gone on sports cars. Likes to drive hot rods. But he recently sold his MG and bought a Ford. "I thought I ought to be a little practical." But he's just as liable to sell the Ford and get another MG.

He loves to lie in the sun, but never has time these days to do it.

He's quite crazy about Benny Goodman's recorded concert of 1938 and plays

him for hours and hours. He's always going on some musical binge. "I get a different kick every week. Never can tell, it might be Artie Shaw any time now."

He isn't one bit superstitious. He doesn't believe in wearing jewelry. He loves it on girls. Thinks it makes them look so glamorous. But he wears only a huge gold ring himself—a real rough, rugged kind of ring, hammered out of an honest-to-goodness gold nugget.

He thinks Liz Taylor has the most fabulous eyes . . . "Bluer than anything I've ever seen." He loves the color blue.

Loves to hear Debbie Reynolds laugh.

Can eat a box of chocolate creams before dinner. "They make me hungrier." But he can't put on any weight.

Never wears garters. Loves white wooly tennis socks and always wears them with everything.

Can't relax one bit. Wants to keep going every minute. Likes to read, hear the fights on the radio, play a hot jazz concert, all at the same time and can understand it all, and never goes wacky.

He's six feet tall, and he weighs 155 pounds.

He has no nick names for anyone. But he likes to be called R. J. himself.

He wishes he could roller skate. Isn't much good on the ice, either. But loves to sail a boat and is pretty good at it, too. "I never get seasick, no matter how much the boat rolls."

He won't carry a good luck piece. Will walk under any ladder any time, and always does.

He's learning to tap dance. Thinks his friend, Dan Dailey, is the greatest. Thinks fighter Chuck Davey has lots of style and predicts "He'll be champion any day now. He's a smart fighter."

He loves to eat by candlelight, but likes to see the food before the candles are lit.

He adores to rhumba.

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He's mostly reserved. That is, the first time you meet him. After that, he's lots of fun. His smile is very ingratiating, his wit, sharp, his manners, impeccable . . . and he loves almost everyone.

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)

I Can't Believe My Ears.. I'm Playing Music!

**I've Learned So QUICKLY and
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Thousands Are Doing It — You Can Too.

**No Boring Exercises — You Start Right Out Playing
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"JUST IMAGINE! I'm actually playing music . . . REAL music. Waltzes . . . songs . . . hymns . . . musical comedy hits. I can hardly believe my ears!

"Why, just a short time ago I didn't know a single note of music. I had always envied people who could play a musical instrument beautifully. But I was convinced I could never be one of them. I thought you had to have special musical talent—and had to spend months practicing boring scales and exercises—before you could play anything. I imagined, too, that it was necessary to pay several dollars an hour for private lessons from a music teacher!

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"Then a friend told me about the U. S. School of Music. I wrote for their FREE BOOK. This book showed me how EASY it is to 'be your own music teacher' right at home—for only a few cents a lesson, which even included the sheet music. It convinced me that I could learn to play after all!

"To my delighted surprise, the U. S. School started me out playing real pieces by note—right from the very first lesson! Since then, it's been such fun—so clearly explained—so easy to understand—that I've been making truly amazing progress. In fact, my friends are mystified at how well I can play already. They insist I must have been keeping my musical skill a secret all these years!"

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"Before I took your Course I didn't know one note. Today I play delightful pieces after only a few months." — Mrs. Dallas E. Kerk, Lodgepole, Nebr.



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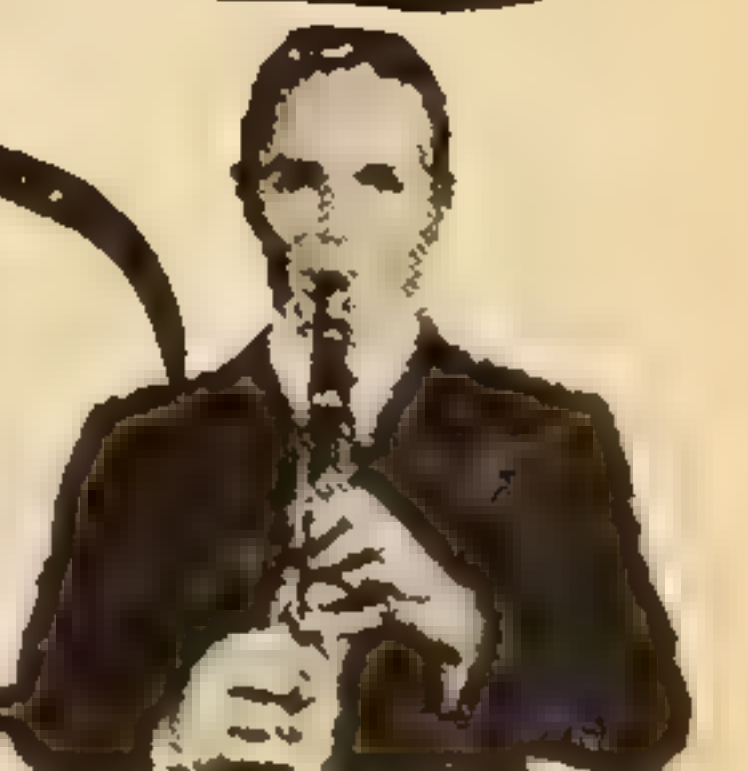
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SO EASY--IT'S ALMOST
LIKE MAGIC!**



**I DIDN'T KNOW A
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I STARTED!**



**WHAT I LIKE IS THE
LOW COST--JUST
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**AND IT'S SO MUCH FUN
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Masters Many Tunes In First 3 Weeks



"I was able to play many pieces of popular current tunes in a short time. My family certainly were surprised to discover that I had learned

to master actual notes on my piano accordion. I play for various social functions and dances, etc. Your Course has opened the door to popularity and a wider circle of friends." — Peter H. Kozyra, Manitoba, Canada.

Learns Faster Without Teacher

"I have no special talent — but thanks to your method, I play my guitar (according to impartial people) better than many students who have taken lessons from teachers for long periods, and naturally at a higher cost." — Myrella-Muquette Saint-Andre, Montreal.



**Enjoys Fun,
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"It's been fun — and hasn't cost anywhere near as much as a private teacher. Now invited to all kinds of affairs — auditioned for 'Barn Dance Jamboree.'" — Howard Hopkins, E. Syracuse, N. Y.

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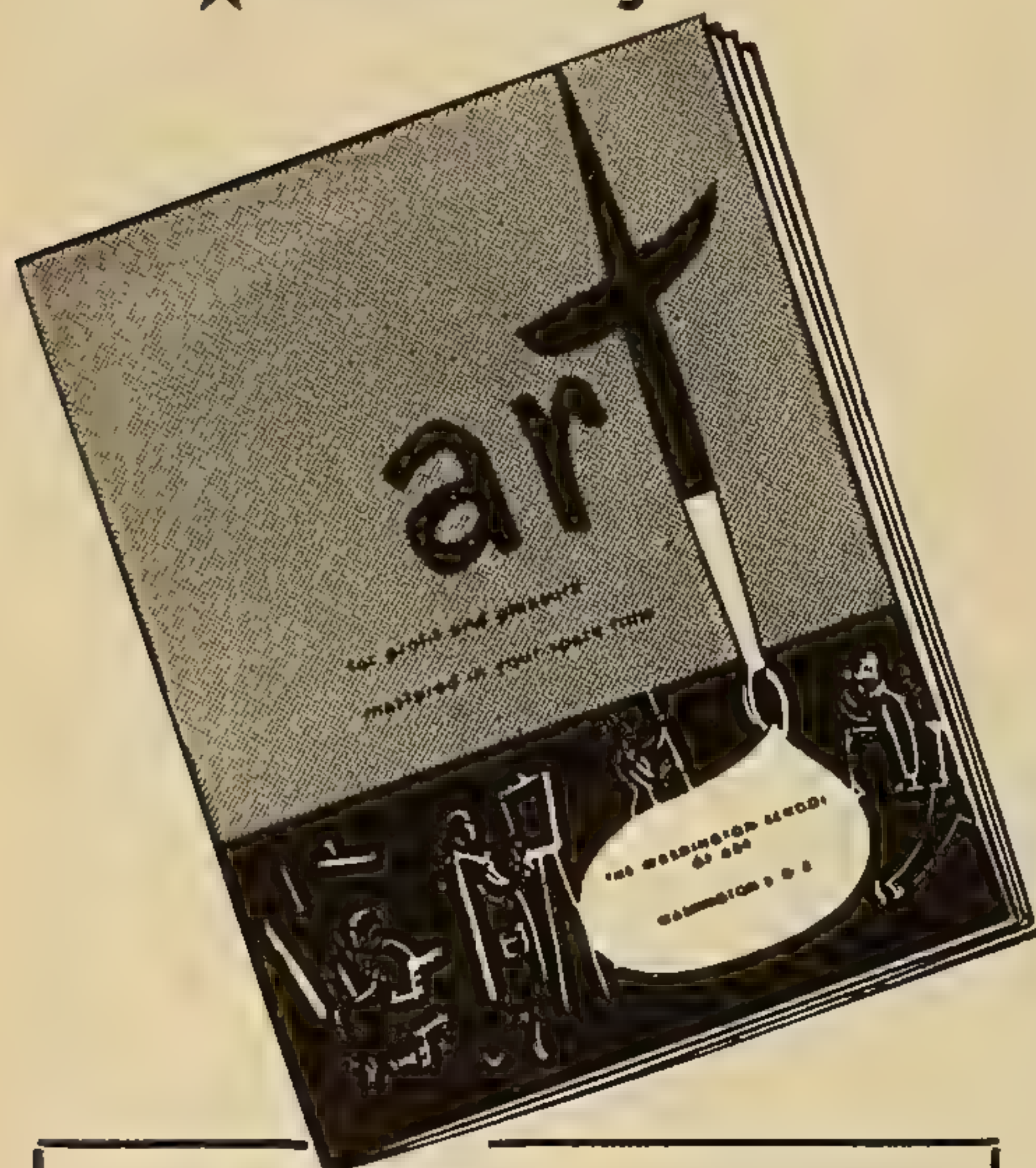
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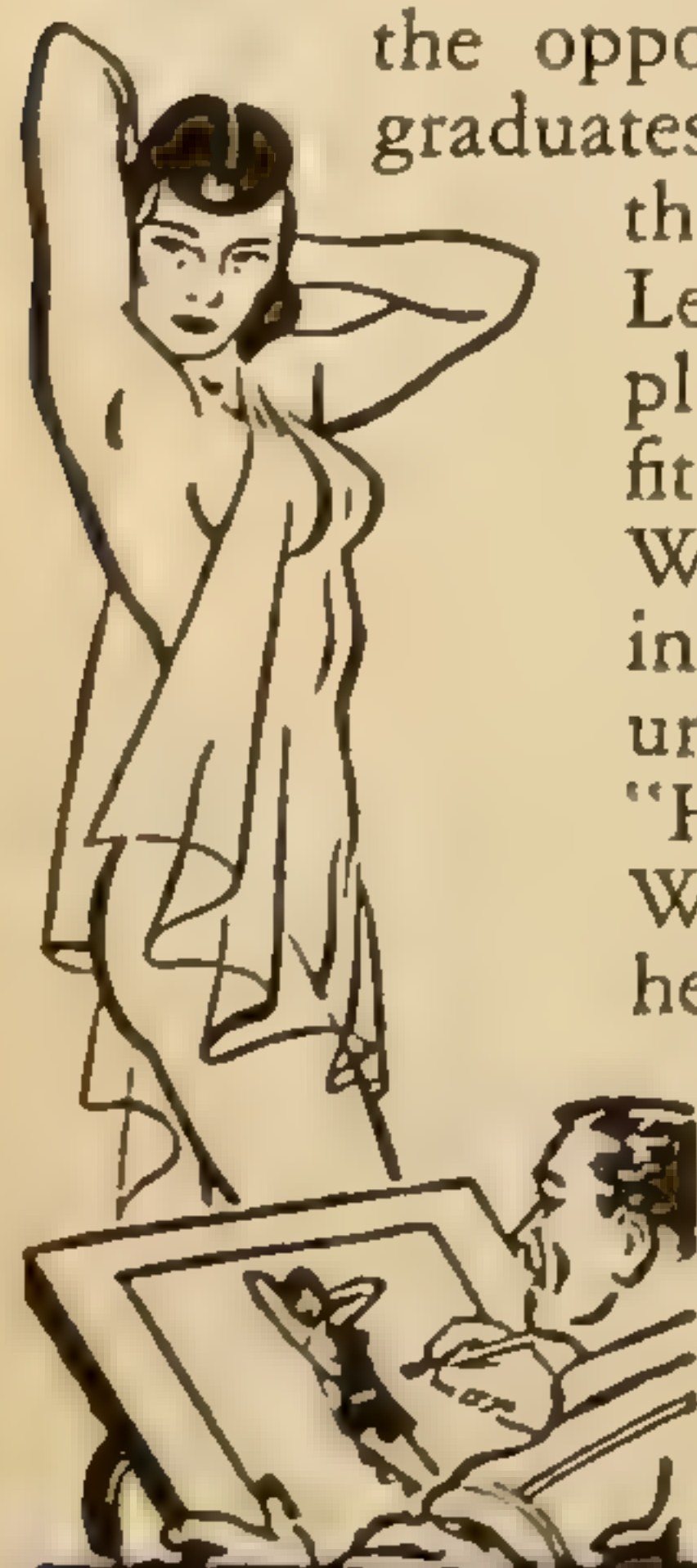
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He likes three sweet rolls every morning for breakfast—the flat, crunchy kind.

He doesn't smoke many cigars. Thinks a pipe is fun sometimes. He loves to watch bull-fighting. "It's a magnificent technique." And the blood and sand don't bother him at all.

Has great respect for Clark Gable. He used to caddy for him before breaking into pictures. "I used to ask him a hundred questions about how to break into pictures and he was always so patient about it. Then when I did get started, I'll never forget his advice to me. 'Now that you've made the grade, keep your feet on the ground. Never go high-hat. Anyone can be replaced.'" Bob has memorized these words over and over. He'd never lose his head anyway. He has too much intelligence. Would like to play those rough-tough Gable parts someday.

He loves practical jokes. Likes them played on himself, too, and never gets annoyed about it. He's got a genuine sense of humor and never forgets to laugh at himself.

He would have been in the steel business, had he not become an actor. He worked in a lot of steel mills back East, but just couldn't make it his life work. He can go back into the steel business any time he wants to. You see, his father is "Steel Business."

He wants to breed horses. Thinks Johnny Longden the greatest jockey on the track today.

He will never play cards with a stranger. But loves to play gin rummy and poker with his friends. He refuses to learn about Canasta. "That's for girls."

Loves beer. Can't abide sweet wines. Hardly ever takes a cocktail before dinner.

Has a mad yen to go to Europe. "I'd like to ski in Switzerland. Love to dance in Paris, then ski in Switzerland again."

Thinks Judy Garland the most talented singer in show business today. "I heard her in New York and she was thrilling."

Wishes like anything he could be as funny as Jerry Lewis. "But then, nobody can, except Jerry Lewis. He breaks me up every time."

He has twenty-three shirts in his wardrobe and most of them blue.

He loves loud sport jackets with big patch pockets, and has three of that type in his closet at home.

He can't understand how people can like miniature furniture, miniature chocolates, miniature anything. "I like Viking Oak—massive pieces. They're so comfortable."

He loves to dine at the Beachcombers with the girl he likes best. Lately there have been quite a few, and he loves them all.

Bob won't eat popcorn in a movie. He can't abide the stuff.

Is real gone on sports cars. Likes to drive hot rods. But he recently sold his MG and bought a Ford. "I thought I ought to be a little practical." But he's just as liable to sell the Ford and get another MG.

He loves to lie in the sun, but never has time these days to do it.

He's quite crazy about Benny Goodman's recorded concert of 1938 and plays

him for hours and hours. He's always going on some musical binge. "I get a different kick every week. Never can tell, it might be Artie Shaw any time now."

He isn't one bit superstitious. He doesn't believe in wearing jewelry. He loves it on girls. Thinks it makes them look so glamorous. But he wears only a huge gold ring himself—a real rough, rugged kind of ring, hammered out of an honest-to-goodness gold nugget.

He thinks Liz Taylor has the most fabulous eyes . . . "Bluer than anything I've ever seen." He loves the color blue.

Loves to hear Debbie Reynolds laugh.

Can eat a box of chocolate creams before dinner. "They make me hungrier." But he can't put on any weight.

Never wears garters. Loves white wooly tennis socks and always wears them with everything.

Can't relax one bit. Wants to keep going every minute. Likes to read, hear the fights on the radio, play a hot jazz concert, all at the same time and can understand it all, and never goes wacky.

He's six feet tall, and he weighs 155 pounds.

He has no nick names for anyone. But he likes to be called R. J. himself.

He wishes he could roller skate. Isn't much good on the ice, either. But loves to sail a boat and is pretty good at it, too. "I never get seasick, no matter how much the boat rolls."

He won't carry a good luck piece. Will walk under any ladder any time, and always does.

He's learning to tap dance. Thinks his friend, Dan Dailey, is the greatest. Thinks fighter Chuck Davey has lots of style and predicts "He'll be champion any day now. He's a smart fighter."

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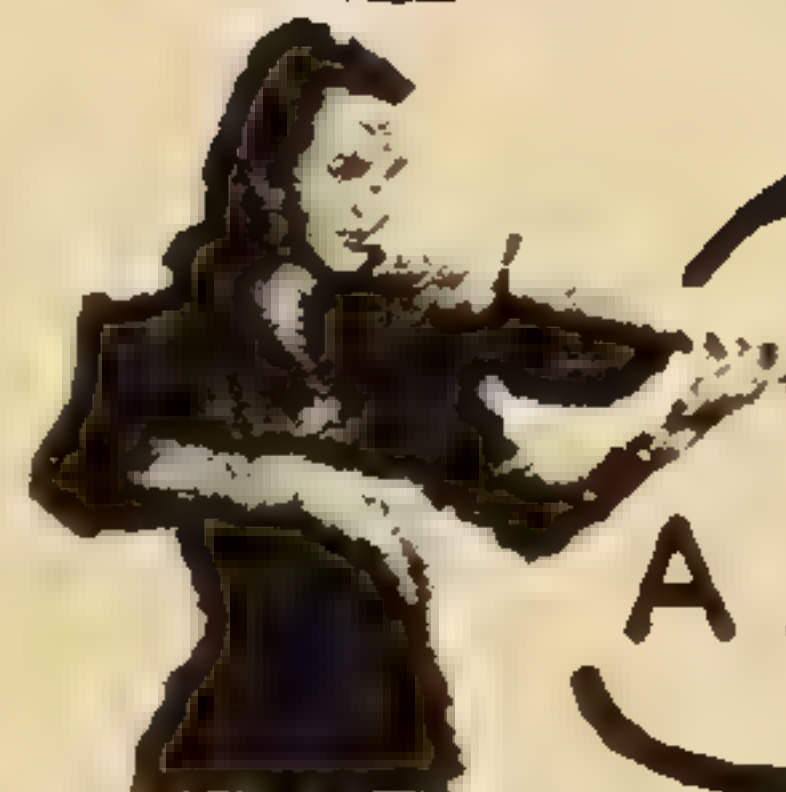
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Amazes Her Friends

"I bet some friends that I could learn to play the piano quickly. They didn't believe me — because I am slow learning. Imagine their sur-



prise last night when I played for them. One said, 'Why Louise, it sounds like you've been playing for years!' — Louise Gomez, Oakland, Cal.

**How Famous Band Leader
Got His Start**

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He loves to read the funny papers, especially "Prince Valiant." Would like to play the *Prince* himself if they ever make a movie out of it. He could do it, too. There's a kind of a magnificence about him, even though he's as casual and gracious and friendly as the "boy next door."

He had no favorite subject when he went to school. "I liked rest period the best." But he was still made president

of his senior class when in high school.

He's the hottest young man on the screen today. A big hit in "Stars And Stripes Forever." He's all for marriage, he says, when the right girl comes along. In the meantime, he's real serious about his career, thinks he is the luckiest guy in the world to be an actor. He's a good actor, too. Five thousand girls who send him fan letters every day can't be wrong!

END

WHY THEY FELL SO IN LOVE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22]

career in favor of marriage, everyone agrees that she, too, puts a sincere and honest endeavor into her work.

Here is a facet of Kirk's character which Pier can not only respect, but understand from her own experience. Only another film star can really understand the demands of life in Hollywood—accept the broken engagements due to retakes, the exhaustion which shortens the evenings and sends a star to bed early, the tiring round of personal appearances between pictures.

More than many other girls, Pier has the gift of service to others. To the foreign-trained girl, the most important thing in life is the man in her life—to cherish, to love, honor and obey. These are not empty words to Pier, but the cornerstones of a career which she has been taught to think is even more important than a personal success.

Gently but firmly, Pier disapproves of the American girl's insistence on *herself*.

"When I have more freedom," she says, "I will know how to use it wisely. I think that girls need to have many dates in order to choose the right man, but when they have too many dates, a date becomes so ordinary they forget that they are looking for the man to make them happy."

This is not an accusation anyone could make about Pier. She has been around, but not by any means so far or so often as either she or her would-be dates could wish. In contrast to Pier's sheltered existence, even in Hollywood, Kirk's public appearances and the hints of romance between him and filmdom's more glamorous stars stand out.

What can Pier offer that is more enduring to Kirk Douglas than such beauties as Gene Tierney, Elizabeth Threatt, Rita Hayworth or June Haver? Sweet, unspoiled, simplicity?

Actually, anyone who knows Pier will tell you she is exceptionally mature underneath the youthful appearance. War-time in Italy does that to a girl. It is more surprising that she retains the charming enthusiasm of youth, than that she is mentally a woman after the experiences of her early life.

And it is in just these early experiences that Pier can more readily understand and appreciate Kirk Douglas. He, too, came up the hard way, with poverty

and hard work and the need for using his wits and physical strength to get ahead. Because of Pier's own terrifying youth in wartorn Italy, she would find it easier to understand a difficult childhood than the usual easiness that surrounded the other boys she has known.

"A background in which there was a secure home, with money and good schools, pleasant vacation trips and holiday treats, is outside Pier Angeli's experience," confides a close friend. "However delightful it would seem to think of a life in which college educations and Packard convertibles were a matter of course, it is probable that Pier views them with a certain reserve; these are not the essentials of life to a girl who has run terror-stricken from German soldiers."

To a girl reared in the European fashion, it is altogether proper and accepted to marry, not only a man considerably older than yourself, but one who is worldly and knowledgeable. The foreign girl *expects* her husband to lead a normal man's life, in which escorting beautiful women to night clubs is viewed as "sowing wild oats," "getting it out of his system," and in general, preparing him to cherish and protect the innocent, unworldly young woman whom he marries.

Is Pier jealous of the lovely women Kirk Douglas has taken about Hollywood? Does she feel uneasy at the thought of holding his interest and attention after princesses and countesses? Probably not.

Here is one of the great differences between Kirk and Pier Angeli; to Kirk, life is a matter of developing an external shell, of being tough enough to take the knocks and resilient enough to bounce back. But to Kirk, toughness is an external thing.

To Pier, it is not.

When Pier was young, she learned that there are two sides to everyone: inside and outside. What matters, she found, is what is inside—and her work, her character, her approach to life is founded on inner toughness, inner strength.

Here is one most important place at which Pier can be of service to Kirk—like any other woman, she will find within herself the strength to help the man she loves.

Essentially, Pier is well-balanced in

a way that is unusual for a film star. She likes Hollywood, but according to her fellow actors, she won't let Hollywood or success throw her. She's unswerving in her loyalty, which sometimes brings her unhappiness, but her faith in others makes her a great friend.

Here then is the basis for the best sort of marriage, and Kirk Douglas will be a lucky man with Pier Angeli—a girl who knows how to be a friend, whose capacity for love is fresh and unspoiled, who has a deep-rooted respect and faith in the value of the family unit, and both a willingness and a need to look up to the man she marries.

That Kirk will provide the best standard for her to look up to is unquestionable. He is successful in a career she understands and values truly, both for its lucky breaks and glamour and its hard cruel pace.

For all her gentleness, her quietness, the reserve which comes from a sheltered life and an unfamiliarity with the language, Pier has a core of the finest stainless steel—as any actress must have to be successful. For all her youth and surface inexperience, Pier is a girl who can provide more understanding of people, more real maturity, than an American girl of her age.

There are differences between Kirk and Pier: and these differences are the very sort that make for a well-rounded happy life, in which each can open up a new kind of living, for the other.

Kirk loves—the outdoor life, the masculinity of sports, the company of men.

Pier loves—the quiet life of a home, with an occasional jaunt to a night club. She likes friends, and adores music—any way, shape or form, but like all good Italians—especially opera.

Kirk hates sham; so does Pier.

All in all, it's a marriage—if it ever happens, and everyone who knows and likes them both hopes that it will—that can succeed. Both have a lot to give to one another, and both are intelligent enough—and sufficiently in love—to recognize it.

It is when the giving is all on one side that so many Hollywood marriages go on the rocks. With Pier and Kirk there should be plain sailing ahead . . . and, it is to be repeated, all Hollywood wishes them well.

END



Charles Boyer and his wife, long one of the many contented Hollywood couples.

LUCKIEST BLONDE ALIVE!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

Danielle Darrieux and Simone Simon, and came to the conclusion that in Hollywood luck counted a little more than talent.

Who, then, the newspaper wanted to find out, was the luckiest girl in Hollywood?

Much to the discomfiture of everyone connected with the poll, the majority of the answers steadfastly gave argument to the accusation that luck supersedes talent in Hollywood.

Almost all of the readers named innumerable and outstanding examples of genuine acting ability, refreshing personality, true charm, and what have you. And, as we have already indicated, the final choice was Miss Wilson.

Marie Wilson typified, the readers felt, the all-American girl who knows what she wants and gets it. The readers, like all Europeans, who have known much adversity and recognize it with sympathy in others, pointed up the qualities of Marie in getting slowly, often painfully ahead. Furthermore, they admired her looks, her behavior, the way she talks in an interview.

"This girl has it over Marilyn Monroe every time," quoth one correspondent, whose letter was prominently displayed by the newspaper. "Her figure may not have the ooh's and aah's dimensions of the other girl, but she has a flair for farce (*which all we French people love*) that would put to shame the acting talents of many other performers—including Mlle. Monroe."

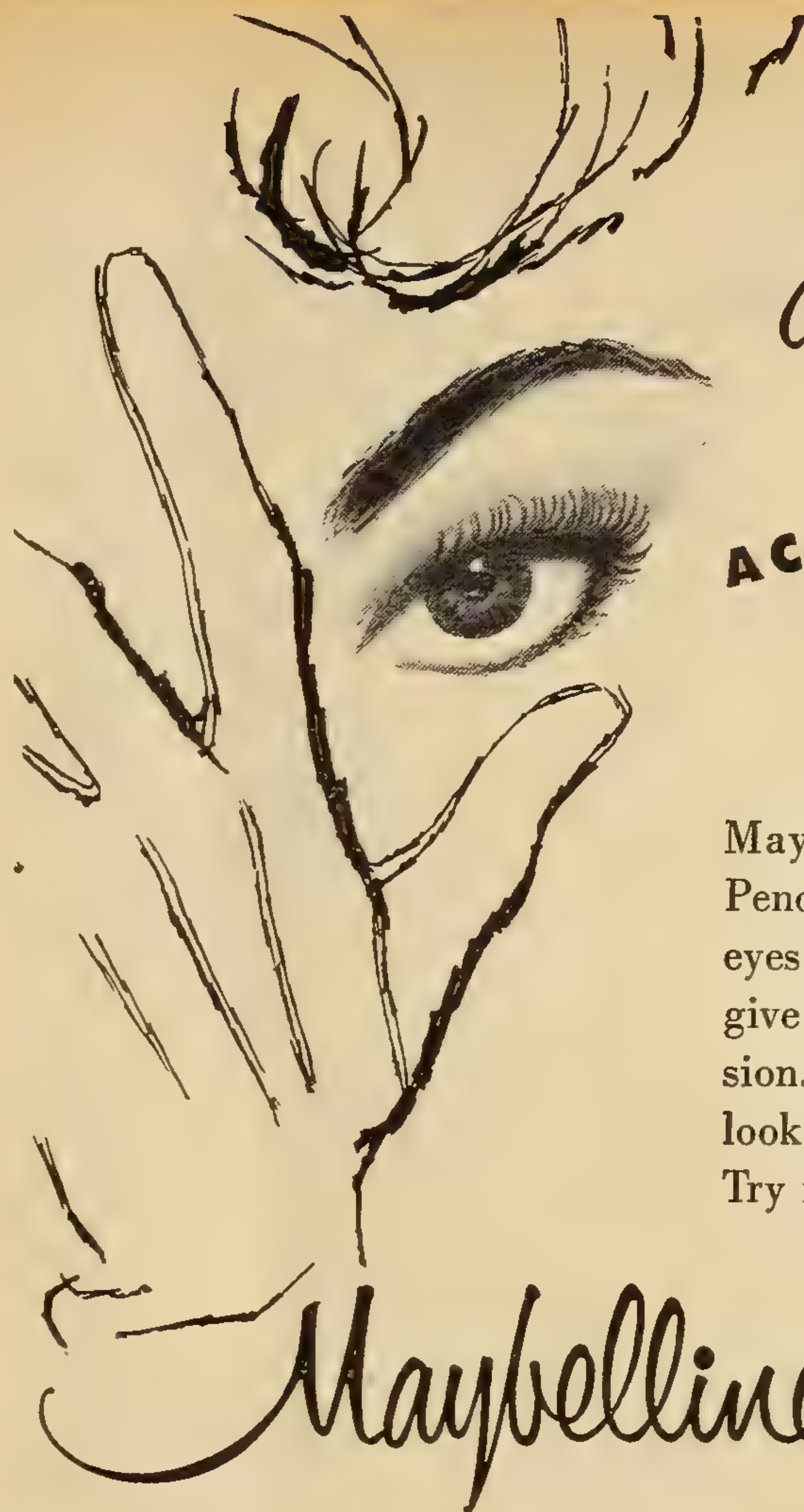
Another reader eulogized, "I pick Marie because she shines in whatever she does like a well-polished diamond, and because all of her future is still very much before her."

Nothing, perhaps, could ring more true than that last statement from across the Atlantic, because how close Marie Wilson came to having no future at all is still a matter of shivering to her friends and family. It doesn't, on the other hand, bother Marie.

Of that horrible day over a year ago when, in a bleak hospital room, she faced death for the first time, she says firmly, "I think when you're really sick, you're like a little child, just trusting in good things, and that someone, somehow, will take care of you. When I was sick, I just told myself, 'You'll make it. You always have before.' And I did!"

Perhaps it is this simple faith in the goodness of things—and people—that makes Marie Wilson such an outstanding hit as *Irma*.

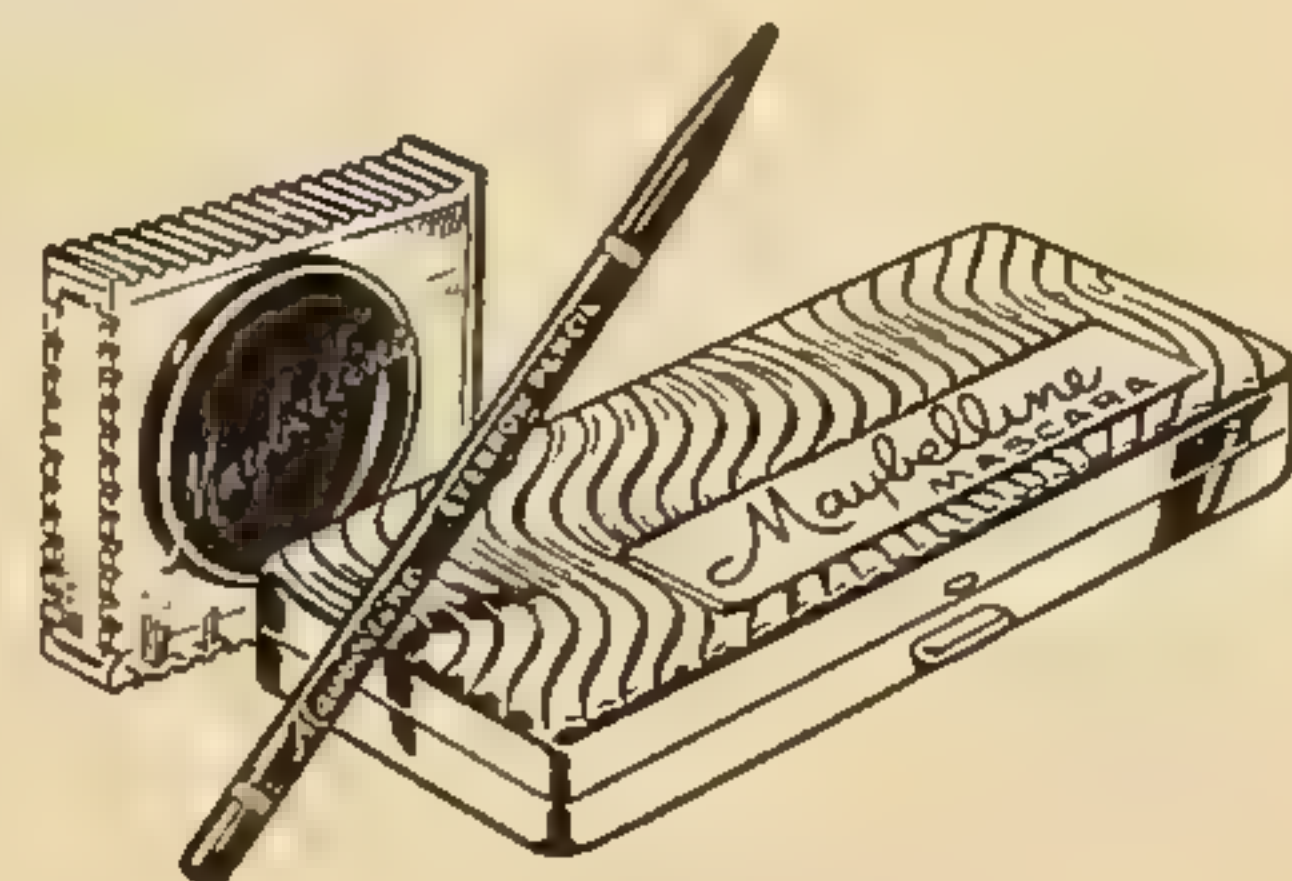
"It is Marie Wilson's own character which makes *Irma* so real, but with a difference," reveals Cy Howard, producer of the successful CBS TV comedy series. "Marie is not stupid, just enthusiastic and credulous. She believes in people, in goodness, and rightness—and



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Marie Wilson gets a lift from Rosalind Russell and two WACS during rehearsal at Fort Lee, Va., for pool sequence "Never Wave At A WAC," her latest RKO film.

despite all the people who take advantage of her belief, she holds tenaciously to it."

Lucky blonde?

Yes, Marie is lucky indeed, and she'll be the first to tell you. To any actor or actress, the biggest, most wonderful piece of luck in the world is to find a part—a role—a character which is the real expression of the actor. Marie Wilson has such a part in "My Friend Irma," and what a lucky break that is after all those years of playing beautiful dumb-blonde roles!

"For years I had said that I would give everything to be able to play some day a character that was sympathetic to my own nature," says Marie. "Someone that I knew was real and true, and someone an actress can portray almost without trying. *Irma* was the answer to that prayer."

What Marie Wilson, in her truly modest fashion, does not add is that she has made the role of *Irma* all the better and more believable for the loving care she has given to the portrayal. About everyone from the sponsors of "My Friend Irma" to the technicians themselves see the star of the show not only as a talented trouper, but an actress always with her heart in her work and, at the same time, always gracious and friendly.

Behind the scenes of "My Friend Irma," here are some of the opinions of the gal from her fellow workers and friends.

"I'm supposed to have a hundred 'acting' voices in my job as a radio and TV actor," says Hans Conreid, who plays Professor Kropotkin, "but off-stage I have only one voice—my own. It's in that voice I'd like to say that working with Marie is one of the most complete and satisfying things that can happen to anyone."

"In fact, Marie is so real that she is often unbelievable," he goes on. "She's first to help the other actor, last to criticize anyone—unless it's herself. As a truly great little star, she is everything a supporting actor could ever expect of one!"

"There's no camouflage to her make-up and that's what makes Marie such a good friend," remarks Cathy Lewis, who plays her roommate, *Jane*. "Loyalty, integrity and sincerity are the basic foundations of a very real character that endears itself to everyone who comes in contact with it."

Others in the cast like John Brown, who plays *Al*, and Gloria Gordon, who portrays the brassy Mrs. O'Reilly, have much the same thing to say. "Even if we never played with her again, we'd both

hope we'd have her for a friend the rest of our lives."

As for the writers on the show, Messrs. Parke Levy, Stanley Adams and Roland McLane, they all agree that one of her great qualities, other than an eternal astonishment at her own success, is her gift for impish humor. No one has ever quite found out how unconscious it is.

Cy Howard, for instance, will never forget the time he first asked her to play *Irma*.

"I won't do it right," she warned him.

"Good!" beamed Howard, when he'd got over his shock. "That's what I mean. You ARE *Irma*!"

Another time when the producer wondered whether Marie Wilson's retorts are a type of frank humor all her own, or merely accidental quips, was when she fluffed a line at the microphone. Instead of saying *Jane*, she said, "Oh, that will be wonderful *June*!"

"Marie, you're calling her *June*!" rasped Cy Howard from the control booth.

There was a long pause while Cy Howard's reproach sank in. Then Marie slowly faced the mike again, and said, "July?"

Going back some years when Marie was a bright decoration to the record-breaking run of "Blackouts," the revue kept alive seven years by Ken Murray's facile wit and Miss Wilson's famed figure, she had the whole cast in stitches one night with one of her typically quaint remarks—uttered in dead seriousness.

She sat on the darkened stage, waiting for the curtain to go up, her chin cupped in her hands. She had, she remembers afterwards, been giving deep thought to the fact that "Blackouts" might run forever and that she was in a rut.

Marie looked so morose sitting there, waiting to go on, that Ken walked over and patted her on her bare shoulder. (*It was very bare in those days*). "What's on that beautiful Einstein mind of yours, baby?"

"I was just thinking—if only I had a wonderful past to look forward to."

All along, it has been that way. Over at Schwab's Drugstore, where movie's 400 drop in for a soda or a quick sandwich, and often a prescription for a studio-precipitated headache, Marie Wilson was a familiar figure. She was there oftener, sat around longer. Those were long and lean waits between engagements.

One day a studio scout approached her, and said fondly, "What's cooking, beautiful?"

Marie looked at him lazily through long lashes. "In my house, everything but food," she said hollowly.

Of course, it wasn't as serious as all that. But Marie, even in those days, had a quaint and frank way of adorning her words that gave her, of all the things she didn't want, the reputation of being a little dumber than her roles.

"They wanted to turn me into a blonde Goldwyn," she said once. "And they almost did. Just as they did to Mr. Goldwyn, they put words in my mouth. Words I never said. Sure, I do get a little mixed

up sometimes. Who doesn't?"

Today there is nothing mixed up about Marie Wilson. She has gone a long way, and often along a hard route. Once she believed that luck was exclusively a gift for other people, that Dame Fortune, for no certain reason, had reserved a special frown for her.

"I don't believe that any more," she told this writer. "I am one of the luckiest girls in the world—not only professionally, but privately. Perhaps luck when it comes a little later than it should is a little more powerful, a little more permanent. Anyway, this time it seems to be hanging on." She tapped the leg of her chair. "Touch wood, of course."

On another occasion she remarked with a faint but satisfied smile. "Call me a second-chance-lucky girl. I've had second chances in all departments. Second chances at my career, in marriage, and of course, even a second chance to live at all after that siege with blood poisoning."

As it happened, second chances with Marie all turned out well. During her fight for life in the hospital, with temperatures ranging from 104 to 106 and a heart fluttering like a leaf in a storm, it was, she thinks, the thought of a "nice new beau" which really helped pull her through.

"I began to worry. Would I ever get out of a hard hospital bed, and my nice new beau—would he ever give me another glance when I was looking so awful?" she smiles. "Then I stopped worrying, because if I could worry about how I looked, I knew I was really all right!"

She had met charming, handsome Bob Fallon some months before when they were both appearing at the Circle Theatre in "Three Out Of Four." She had been through a tremendous emotional strain after many years of trying to patch up her shaky marriage to Allan Nixon. Her divorce wasn't yet final, and Bob's attentiveness wasn't only welcome—but necessary.

"I had never felt so alone or lonely in my life," she recalls. "And when I was put away in an oxygen tent, it seemed the end. To my career, my world, my family—to the possibility of finding someone to take care of me. In my more lucid moments I wondered what Bob might be doing. Wherever he was, would he be thinking of me? I hoped so—but there were dark, long moments when I didn't think he'd care about a girl out of reach, out of mind in a grim hospital bed."

It was when Marie Wilson was out of danger that she discovered that Bob Fallon had paced the corridors of the hospital day and night through the entire ordeal. When she was well enough to see anybody . . . it was Bob who poked his head in the door first.

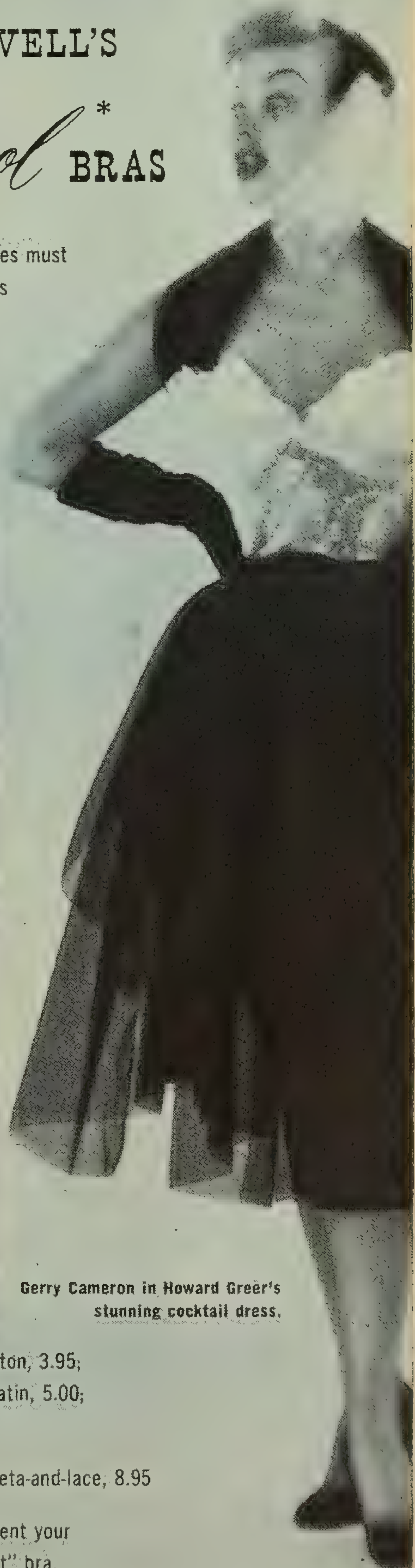
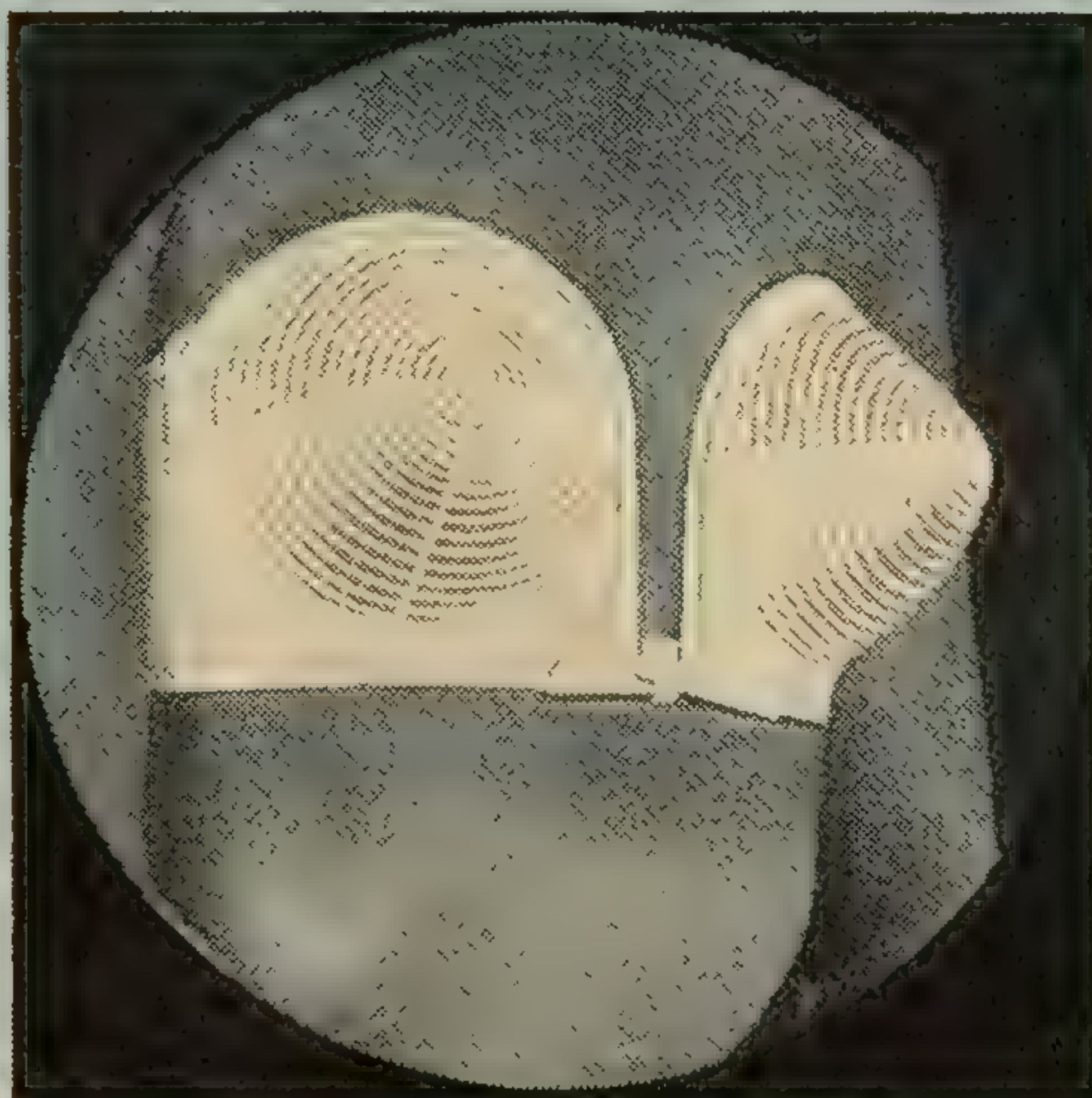
"He didn't have to speak, and I didn't have to ask to find out that here was someone who wanted to take care of me. That was something no one had ever done before," says Marie, ". . . and I liked it!"

It is when she speaks of that incident alone that Marie says with almost startling fervor, "Lucky? You bet I am!" END

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

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emotional actress in a serious drama.

What's wrong with being thought of as a Glamour Girl? After all, this business is built on a definite allure—which is its salable commodity. But unfortunately, stars today can't go in as heavily for glamour as they used to because budgets just don't reach far enough. If you have a lot of money you can be twice as alluring as you can without it. In the past stars could buy almost anything they wanted—even to leopard skin upholstery for their convertibles. But today there has to be a more practical approach to the business of glamour.

Of all the parts I've played recently, and most have been in the same particular vein, my favorite has been the one in "She's Back On Broadway." In it I play a movie star and I get a chance to wear a lot of very attractive clothes. It's also a good part—although it isn't the kind to win an Academy Award. However, winning such an honor has never been the first and foremost thing in my mind. I'm just happy to have the chance to do that for which I'm best qualified.

I have never refused to pose for any kind of cheesecake—as long as it wasn't vulgar. That's right up my alley. Without it I'd be lost.

I think every actress has to be honest about her potentials and her capabilities. And I don't think it's very honest to try to be something you're not. If you're a good cheesecake product, why not go in for it?

I believe, of course, that every woman should try to be as glamorous as possible. I've seen a lot of women who weren't beautiful, but who made the most of their natural assets.

Some women go in so heavily for glamour they become phony. I remember seeing a woman at a party who was so meticulously made up she was afraid to smile for fear of spoiling her appearance. I know another who ate so daintily it was laughable because she didn't want to ruin her lipstick. I've seen other women who were so conscious of their own glamorous appearance that they were like statues—and no one could get to know them or even find any interest in talking to them. This kind of glamour is not real because it is too self-centered. Those women who are self-enamored lose their own personality. I think it's better to be as attractive as you can and then forget about it so others won't be bored by you. Real glamour doesn't need any production number to back it up.

Which brings up the point as to whether or not glamour is ever a bore. I won't say that it is, but I will say that there are times when I like to get out of all the fancy clothes and make-up and just relax. At home I like to wear an old pair of levis and an old sweater. This is not only for comfort—it's also practical since I like to play with our four dogs and they can get you a bit messed

up with their jumping on you. Occasionally—and I mean very occasionally—I also like to putter about in the garden. This you can't do in a frilly dress.

At other times at home I spend my time sewing and cutting out pictures in magazines of unusual things in architecture and interior decoration—or new ideas for a dress. I love to go about redesigning my own clothes. But at home comfort is the keynote of my wardrobe. What else should it be? Glamour is a real bore when you're in your own home. And yet, I don't let comfort take over too much if a friend is going to drop by even for a casual visit. Then I do dress so I'll look attractive. I think this is especially important when a woman friend is coming over because any woman likes to see another looking her best.

Being married to Mike has, of course, made changes in me. He hasn't changed my ideas radically, but I certainly do dress to please him. We always go shopping together and I never fail to ask his opinion about my clothes. He has excellent taste. Frankly, I love to shop, but it takes me ages. I want to see everything in the store, but Mike keeps insisting I should buy something that intrigues me without debating about it.

Mike has influenced me in many ways—but the most important is that I'm relaxed as a person now—not nervous as I was. I used to be afraid, frightened actually, and certainly very shy. I'm none of these things now. To put it briefly, Mike has helped me to grow up.

And with that I turn this over to Mike for a comment:

(Aside from Mike: Is Virginia glamorous? Well, I guess so. I've never paid much attention to that. If she wants to be, that's fine with me. Frankly, from my viewpoint, I don't know where glamour starts and make-up and clothes end. According to the dictionary, it is a sheen, a veneer, a brilliance that is not real. Virginia has a beauty no matter what she wears. And she has a quality I consider most important in women—she is a lady. When I met her I was working on a picture and about twenty-five guys were sitting around trading man talk—and what's duller than a lot of men talking? Virginia came on the set to be interviewed for a small part in the picture. She was a frightened kid, but had real dignity and poise. That did it for me. No, I didn't marry Virginia because she was a glamorous movie star. She wasn't even a star then. Like any man who is in love with his wife, it doesn't matter to me what she wears, says, or does—she's still the most beautiful person in the world to me. As long as she has dignity and all the good graces, nothing else matters.

(As for being glamorous I think it's great for those who like to watch her on the screen. I'm not jealous of the effect she has on people. In fact, I get a big kick out of sending leg art of her to the

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soldiers who ask for it. I think those GI's have darned good taste when they like my wife.)

It's nice to have a husband feel about a wife the way Mike feels about me. Such a relationship really helps to make her a glamorous person—at least, to the only one who matters. He is interested in everything I do. He shares, too, my opinion that a star—if you can use that overworked word—owes it to the public to look as attractive as possible when she's out. I don't at all approve of actresses who seem to make a career out of appearing in public looking like a worn-out dish rag. We're in a business where we're noticed—and we should be certain we look our best.

Yet, I don't regard myself as a clothes horse. It's just a pride in my own personal appearance.

(Aside from Mike: What makes an exciting woman? I think it's a matter of imagination created in someone's mind.

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE MARILYN-JANE FEUD

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26]

And Jane couldn't be happier with her part. As she said, "I'm having a ball with this because I get a chance to play a smart, wisecracking doll—the kind of role I've always wanted."

Even more than that, in one scene she has to imitate Marilyn—and this, of course, caused more reports that she was going to let go at the Monroe girl. Jane wears a blonde wig and affects Marilyn's walk and speech. This didn't bother Marilyn in the least. In fact, she helped la Russell with the imitation and remarked to friends. "Why should this bother me? I know Jane wouldn't do anything that would hurt me."

Then there was the matter of who would wear the most revealing clothes in the picture since revealing the form divine has been a specialty of each. Both get a chance to show off plenty of pulchritude in bathing suit scenes. For a while Jane was supposed to wear slacks in a few scenes, but it was decided—not at her insistence—to nix this and accentuate the Russell form more. While Jane will show plenty, she doesn't go as far in one particular instance as Marilyn does. For a scene, Marilyn had to wear a costume supposedly of diamonds. Costume perhaps is using the term loosely since there wasn't much to the outfit. The big problem, however, was finding some delicate way of measuring her navel into which a diamond of the proper size was to be inserted. This task was finally taken care of by the woman's wardrobe chief.

As far as publicity pictures are concerned, both Jane and Marilyn posed willingly for the usual cheesecake. Jane, however, did balk at one shot. The photographer asked her to lean over—for obvious reasons—for a picture. Jane smiled at him and said, "I know exactly what

Men see a glamorous woman on the screen and imagine how it would be to have a wife like that. Women like to feel they, too, can be like her. So to sum it up, no woman is all things to all men. The final consideration about glamour is that each woman be a lady above all else.)

Speaking from the woman's standpoint, is glamour a bore? Not as far as I'm concerned. It helps to make the world a more beautiful place to live in. It's only a bore when it takes the place of genuineness and honesty, when it's used as a surface to cover up a lack of real personality. No woman wants to go around dressed to the teeth all of the time, but she can certainly make it a business to be always attractive to her husband first and to others second.

When the day comes I'm bored with glamour, I'll be ready for my knitting and the easy chair. As long as I'm asked to give out with sex appeal, I'll give out. And be very glad for the chance! END

you want, but let's do it this way instead." And she struck a less revealing pose. This is something she would scarcely have done if she were intent on out-sexing Marilyn.

"Of course, I'm used to this type of busty publicity," Jane remarked. "And I'm used to the other types, too. After being in the business thirteen years there isn't any angle that is new to me. I've learned that there is a time to discuss sex and the bosomy matters, but that is not all the time. Just as I've learned that it's best not to concentrate too heavily on the home life and on my religious beliefs."

Jane has occasionally talked to Marilyn on how to face this particular phase of her career—and one thing she has said is for her not to worry about the kind of publicity she has been getting. As Jane pointed out, "This will fade in time. My family used to worry about the types of pictures and stories done on me, but they finally learned to accept everything as I did."

Actually, Marilyn hasn't been concerned—except for the release of the calendars. Here she feels the limit must be drawn and she's drawing it.

Jane has helped Marilyn in other matters, too—things she has learned from her own experience.

"I know what Marilyn is going through because I had the same kind of provocative excitement as an impetus to my career," Jane said. "For one thing, she's a generous person with her time—as I was. So I'd like to help her realize she can't allow people to take up all of her time. She has to learn how to say 'No' to things. However, I've found that Marilyn is capable of taking care of herself in most matters and far more so than most people give her credit for."



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Jane Russell gives Marilyn Monroe the piercing eye as they prepare for a scene in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Several amusing incidents happened on the set.

It is true that Marilyn has been willing to give almost anybody her time. Strange characters will get her on the phone at her hotel and she'll talk to them because she doesn't want to cut them off. This is all because at heart Marilyn is a timid and scared person who wants to please everyone. Now that she's developing more confidence she will probably learn to put a halter on the use of her time.

The only other things Jane has discussed with Marilyn have been the importance of working with a good director like Howard Hawks and of encouraging her to do comedy, for which Jane thinks she has quite a flair.

Marilyn really looks up to Jane in many ways. She once told a friend, "I want some day to have as happy a life as she has—a happy marriage combined with a well-adjusted career. I admire her so much for the wise way in which she has handled her life."

So you can see this feud is really hot—but only from the amount of aimless copy it has created. Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe have proved that two glamour girls who sell sex provocatively can also be two normal human beings and friends. This is probably the greatest shock ever thrown at the Hollywood rumor factory.

END

WHY GLAMOUR GIRLS GO FOR MICKEY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

his idols are Napoleon and Gen. Paul Sheridan, short men who made good in a tall way. Perhaps these theories are actual facts, but we're more concerned with why beautiful girls like Elaine go for Mickey.

As in his previous trips to the altar, Rooney jubilantly declared when he married the comparatively unknown Elaine in the Wee Kirk 'O The Heather

chapel in the Nevada resort that it was "for keeps." His utter sincerity always impressed the girls.

Yes, indeed, this time he was "really in love."

They had met only two months before at a Hollywood party, but they "did not run into marriage hastily," he said. "We waited long enough to make sure we were right for each other." Mickey

is a born salesman even when proposing.

As at his other marriages, he also was a jittery bridegroom, fidgeting about, fumbling with the wedding ring during the 20-minute ceremony. Naturally, a bride feels that only a groom genuinely in love behaves like this.

Though it is difficult to believe Mickey is still self-conscious about his height, he refused to pose for photographers and whisked his bride away to one of Las Vegas' plushier hotels where they registered as Mr. and Mrs. Joe Yule, Mickey's real name.

Elaine, who had been married once before, has taken her place in the imposing Rooney wedding gallery that once claimed the glamorous presences, successively, of Ava Gardner, Betty Jane Rase, and Martha Vickers.

No glamour boy himself, with his short stature and his wizened, puckish face, Mickey has brashly whirled from girl to girl, making a hit with them because, apparently, he is more entertaining, more energetic, more hep, more flattering and convincing than the average-size man. Like his idol, Napoleon, he works twice as hard at everything in life, especially love, to offset his size.

He bounced with a bang into the life of Ava Gardner, a shy and obscure starlet on the MGM lot during the Summer of 1941. Only 18 years old, Ava had come to Hollywood from her home in Wilson, N.C., after a relative had submitted her picture to a talent scout who, obviously, was having no trouble with his eyesight.

Mickey met her on the set of a picture he was making. She was being shown around by studio officials, and the little guy—he was only 21—was bowled over by the slender, beautiful, soft-spoken Southern girl.

Next day he had a date with her. Soon the dates were piling up thickly. By December Mickey and Ava were engaged. She had fallen in love, too. She, also, was impressed—as who wasn't in Hollywood—by the notable fact that for three successive years Rooney had been America's top box-office star.

He was the Napoleon of the films, yet he was novice Ava Gardner's to have and to hold. It was quite a feather in her North Carolina cap. Had he not been the squire of—even reported engaged to—Linda Darnell, Dolly Thon, Sheila Ryan and other beauties?

On Jan. 10, 1942, Mickey and Ava slipped away to Ballard, Calif., and were married in a simple ceremony in the presence of his parents, the late Joe Yule, burlesque and screen comedian, and Mrs. Belle Pankey; his stepfather, Fred Pankey, and Ava's sister, Beatrice Gardner.

Members of the wedding party reported that he was a nervous bridegroom. He fidgeted throughout the ceremony, and at its close kissed the hand of his bride twice.

It is significant that when the wedding pictures were about to be "shot," Ava quick-wittedly took off her shoes. She was five feet six inches tall, but with her high heels a head taller than her bridegroom.

Ten days later the couple were in New

York on a combined honeymoon and personal appearance tour. Mickey made it evident that he was wearing the pants of the family as befitting.

It is on record that Mickey answered not only the questions put to him, but to his wife. Between questions he gazed at her worshipfully.

She was asked if she planned to have a family. Undaunted, Mickey interjected:

"We want everything that goes to make a happy American home." Mickey would be twice as devoted as any husband had ever been.

But six months later friction was reported in the Rooney-Gardner menage. The story was that his friendship with his old music-loving pals had broken up their marriage, though Mickey denied there had been any trouble.

There followed a series of separations and reconciliations. In September, 1942, Ava declared that "things weren't happy around home and we decided to call it quits."

She filed suit for divorce and asked a share of \$200,000 community property.

A few weeks later, however, they announced they were "going to start life over." What had "seemed a domestic tragedy," she said, "was just a family spat."

Ava dropped her divorce action in which she charged Mickey with cruelty.

"I still love him," she said. "He can still be the boss when he comes back—if he wants to be."

Nevertheless, the marriage continued stormy. In February 1943, Mickey and Ava parted again. This time "for keeps," they announced, adding: "We are separating and giving up our home." Subsequently, Ava obtained a divorce.

She charged that Mickey often "ran home to his mother."

Yet, the spark of a deep-seated affection for one another continued to hover over them. On the eve of his departure to enter the Army in June, 1944, they were seen arm-in-arm at a Hollywood night club. And Rooney sentimentally confided to those who were understandably puzzled:

"We both realize now that the divorce was a mistake."

No reconciliation took place, however. Mickey went on to new beautiful wives, Ava to new fascinating husbands—Artie Shaw, Frank Sinatra.

Mickey was the greatest single influence in Ava's career, not excluding Frank Sinatra. Born in show business, Mickey taught Ava its every facet—what to do before a camera, how to walk, how to stand, to point a line, what to do with her hands. As is his nature, Mickey tried to do twice as much for Ava as any other man might have done.

He took her where she wanted to go. They followed no social pattern. His friends were her friends. Until she met Mickey, Ava had never been in a regular theatre and, excepting Los Angeles, and a two weeks' visit to New York, had never seen a town bigger than Raleigh, N.C.

After her divorce Ava began to branch out socially, started to be seen in the

company of Hollywood's most eligible and most famous bachelors.

Rooney, meanwhile, had turned his chief attention to another southern eye-dazzler—this time Betty Jane Rase, of Birmingham, Ala. She had just returned home from Atlantic City where she had appeared as *Miss Birmingham* in a beauty contest.

Mickey, who was in basic army training in Alabama, married Betty Jane on Sept. 30, 1944, six days after their introduction. She was only 17. It was a whirlwind courtship, but the marriage lasted longer than any of his others. She bore him two sons before divorcing him four years later.

His second bride was five feet seven in her stocking feet. She really towered over Mickey when they appeared together at Hollywood affairs. He could look her straight in the eye only by standing on a box.

Mickey's union with Betty Jane Rase was, he explained later, "a typical wartime marriage." He had to return to camp the morning after the wedding, and three weeks later he was off to New York for embarkation overseas to the Western front.

He did not see "B.J."—as he called her—again until he returned to the U.S. in March, 1946.

Their marriage, too, was a series of separations and reconciliations.

They separated for the first time in March, 1947, following a bitter quarrel. Betty Jane went to court and opened a sharp financial fusillade at her husband who pleaded he virtually was broke, though he was earning a minimum of \$250,000 a year.

A reconciliation was effected six months later. It lasted until February, 1948. They then agreed upon a "trial" separation. Mickey went to live with his mother and stepfather, Betty Jane remained in the Hollywood house, for which Mickey was paying \$750-a-month rent until he could buy a place for her.

The experimental parting didn't work out. On March 30, 1948 she filed suit for divorce, declaring she was "convinced Mickey and I could never be happy together." Two months later Betty Jane won an uncontested divorce.

She got a hefty settlement from Rooney. She received \$100,000 in cash over a 10-year period, \$25,000 toward the purchase of a home, \$5,000 a year for their two children, two autos and miscellaneous property. He also agreed to provide college education for their two boys.

She was awarded the custody of the children—Mickey, Jr., born July 3, 1945, while he was overseas, and Timothy, born Jan. 4, 1947, while he was on a personal appearance tour.

It took neither Mickey nor Betty Jane long to marry again. On June 11, 1949, she became the bride of orchestra leader Buddy Baker at her Hollywood home.

On June 3, 1949, beautiful honey-haired Martha Vickers, one of the most popular of Hollywood's glamour girls, became No. Three on the Rooney marital scoreboard. She, too, had been captivated by Mickey's double amount of zest for living.



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His divorce from Betty Jane was entered on the court records only a few hours before he was married to Martha in a simple ceremony in Christ Memorial Unity Church of North Hollywood.

For that matter, Martha's divorce from film publicist, A. C. Lyles, Jr., had become effective only a week before the actress faced the altar with Mickey.

Martha was 25 years old, Mickey a ripe old 29.

After the dominie pronounced them "man and wife," Martha, who loomed almost a foot above the sawed-off actor, stooped over, took his face into her hands and planted a resounding kiss on his lips.

Squeezing the waist of the third Mrs. Rooney, he exclaimed: "I've got a wonderful girl. If I don't make this one last there's something wrong with me. But this one's going to last."

Mickey said he and Martha "had been dating about three months and we've been together as much as possible," and he added:

"A lot of people seem to think we're not right for each other, but I'm sure we're completely happy for the first time in our lives." Trouble with Mickey, his excessive enthusiasm never lasted long and he soon became dispirited, in fact, doubly so.

Mickey Rooney's fond belief that his marriage to Martha Vickers would last forever was shattered only a year and a half after they had exchanged their hopeful wedding bands.

On Dec. 6, 1950 they separated, Martha asserting that her husband "didn't like the restrictions of marriage." Revealing plans to divorce him, she said, "We found out we didn't have enough in common."

"My interests are centered in the home, and Mickey's are not," she added. "He will be happier free."

Then, as was the case with Rooney's other marriages, he rallied his enthusiasm and reconciled with Martha. She called off the divorce lawyers.

"We thought it was a shame to spoil the baby's first Christmas," she said. The baby, Terry—Mickey's third son—was born to Martha on April 12, 1950.

The reconciliation lasted only four months, though it was marked by the couple's decision to "work things out, honestly try to make a go of it."

In April, 1951, Martha sued Mickey for divorce. "We might as well get it over with," she said bluntly. "We both know there isn't a chance of our living happily together."

She charged Mickey with being "extremely and habitually cruel." He did not contest the action. The decree was made final in September, 1951. Martha received a large settlement and custody of their child.

Then began a new sentimental phase in the life and times of Mickey Rooney. He started toting a torch. A double torch. Heretofore after a marital bust-up the happy-go-lucky little guy had gone on blithely to new love, a new marriage. But last Winter he admitted he'd like to "try it again" with Martha.

"Nothing is impossible," was his confident comment. "I've been trying to act like a good kid. I hope I'm getting somewhere."

"I know, I know," he said. "I'm supposed to be going out with girls. But I haven't had a date in a long time. Right now I'm concentrating on Martha. A wonderful girl, Martha! She put up with a lot from me."

Time, obviously, healed Mickey's heartache. Time and a new heart throb in the form of beautiful Elaine Mahnken. There's one thing sure about Mickey Rooney. Beautiful girls go for him! **END**



Hong Kong's Judy Dan, fourth in "Miss Universe" contest, is in "Gobi Outpost."

THE JACKIE GLEASON NO ONE KNOWS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

unless the right role comes along," he replied. "I'd like to do a play—on the order of 'Born Yesterday'—with a role similar to that which Paul Douglas did." But the remark was made with a casual, almost diffident manner. In spite of the versatility and skill he displays in his TV show, he has no illusions about himself as an actor.

"I shouldn't have been an entertainer at all; I should have been a psychiatrist. That's what I wanted to be, and that's what I am at heart. I like to analyze people, and try to help them. I've made quite a study of psychology; I've read almost everything written on the subject. I've also studied theology, telepathy, and hypnotism," he added. "I own over three hundred and fifty books relating to psychic phenomena." He suddenly chuckled. "I showed my library to the last person who came to interview me, and after seeing those books, she forgot all about me, browsed around for a couple of hours, borrowed several vol-

umes, and left. She never interviewed me at all," he said with comic pathos.

"So I won't even look at your books," I said. "Let's talk about you."

"I decided to become an entertainer because you can reach more people in that way than any other. I'd like to see everybody happy, and, at least, as a comedian, you can help them with a few laughs to a little happiness."

"But you enjoy clowning before an audience, don't you?"

"It's work," he flatly stated. Then he shrugged. "Everybody hates his work. And anyone in show business is searching for compensation for something that his life has lacked."

This remark brought sharply to mind the story of his mother's death when he was sixteen, and her burial on the afternoon of his first night as master of ceremonies at the Folly Theatre in Brooklyn. He was devoted to her, and theirs was a very close relationship—he'd lost his father and an older brother several years

earlier—so his very first triumph was completely overshadowed by tragedy. He'd been working for over a year at that time, his first job having been master of ceremonies of Amateur Night at the Halsey Theatre with a salary of three dollars a week which he turned over to his mother. It's doubtful that success, no matter how great, can compensate Jackie for all that has been lacking in his life. There's still a great deal of the lost and lonely little boy in him which may explain his infinite appeal.

"I'd like to write a book about us—all the crazy people like actors, writers, artists—we're not normal. The most important thing in life is to be, not a great actor, painter, musician, or great anything—but just a nice human being. And that's all that I want to be."

"Why don't you write that book?" I asked.

"I'm going to," he firmly stated. Then he lightly added that he'd already written two books—and torn them up. "They weren't good," he said, "so why keep them around?"

"One," he continued, "was on the subject of psychokinesis."

The big word threw me. "Which?" I asked. "Pardon me while I run out and buy a dictionary."

He laughed. "It's the science of psychic phenomena." He went on to explain that it had something to do with the ability of mediums, for instance, to make tables move.

"I laid my story in a monastery, and it was a bit out of line, I guess, according to Catholicism," he smiled ruefully. "So I tore it up."

Catholicism is the faith he chose for himself. "I thought about it a long time—and then I made up my mind." He showed me the medal of St. Genesis, the patron saint of all actors, which he wears around his neck on a slender, golden chain. Then he told me about the time he substituted as a Sunday school teacher at a Catholic chapel in Hollywood. One of the teachers hadn't appeared due to an emergency, so Jackie offered to take over the class of small boys. The priest laughed and said, "Jackie, you're an actor. Those boys ask questions, and you've got to answer them."

"I'll answer them," Jackie replied with all the confidence and aplomb of a night club emcee who's learned to hold his own with practiced hecklers.

The priest was dubious, but there was still no teacher for the class, so, reluctantly, he gave in.

"I was getting along fine," Jackie recalls with a laugh, "when this bright eyed little sprout pops the question why he should go to Confession. I hedged with another question, trying to get his angle, and the kid pipes up with, 'Well, I go to Confession, and I confess that I've lied and stolen—and I'm forgiven. But I know all the time that I'm going to do it again, that I'm going to go right on lying and stealing, so what's the use of my confessing? It doesn't do me any good, so why go on doing it?'"

"How am I going to answer *this* one?" Jackie asked himself, racking his brain. "Well, I'll tell you a story," he said, playing for time, and trying to hold his audience. But he couldn't think of a story which would answer the question.

"I've got quite a supply of stories stacked away, but none of them was suitable for the occasion," he chuckled. So he finally said to himself, "Guess I'll have to ad lib." "Well," he began slowly, "there were two young frogs who fell into a jar of milk, and as they hadn't learned how to swim, they began to flounder helplessly. They slashed and struggled, and they tried, and they tried, but they couldn't swim. So one of them gave up in despair, and wailed hopelessly to the other, 'It's no use; we're going to drown, so we may as well go down together.'"

"But the other frog gasped, and choked, and croaked, 'I'm going to keep on trying!' And he went right on kicking and flailing his legs about, trying to swim. So the first frog sank to the bottom alone and drowned. This made bubbles rise to the surface, and what with the other frog still kicking and kicking and kicking, and churning up the milk, a blob of butter suddenly appeared in the milk. So the frog climbed onto the blob of butter like an island in a storm tossed sea, and was saved from drowning. That's why you keep on going to Confession."

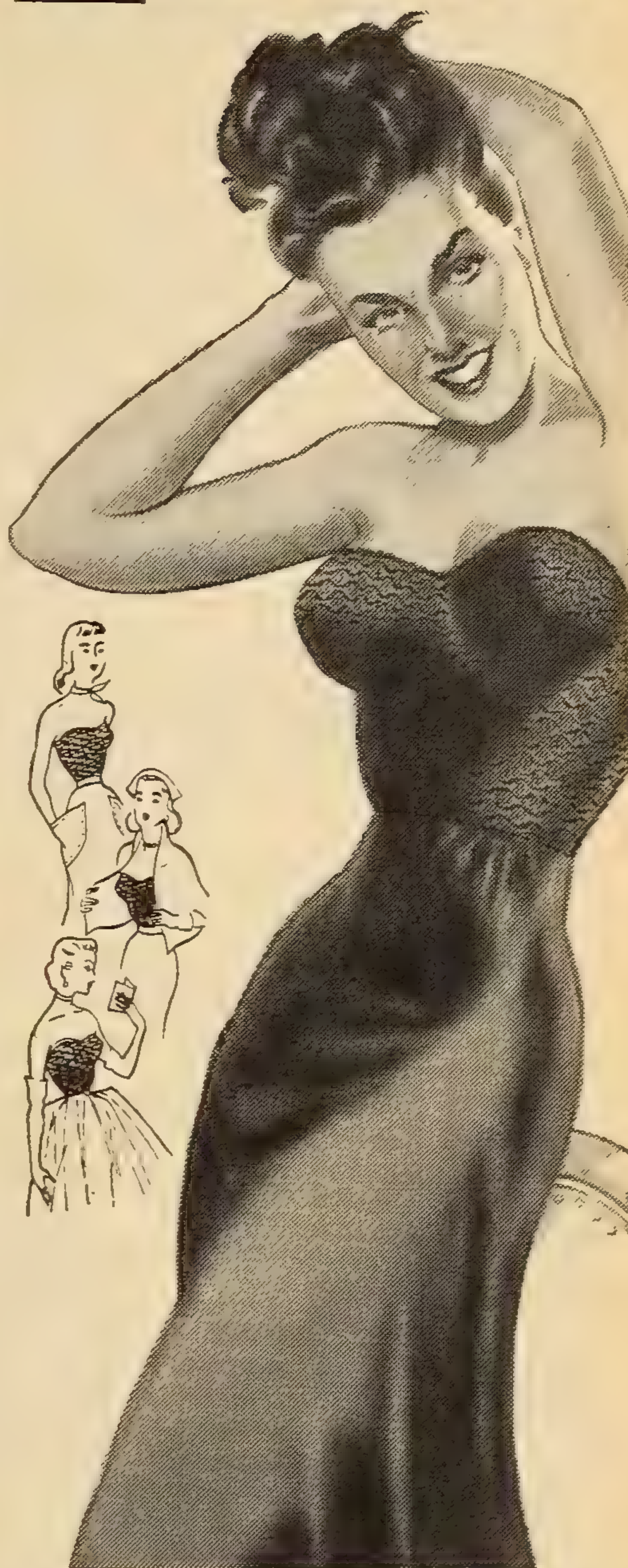
"It seemed to answer the question with satisfaction," Jackie finished modestly.

Somehow the conversation got back to books and he expressed admiration for Voltaire, Plutarch and Freud. Most modern writers leave a great deal to be desired, he thinks. He doesn't agree with the critics about Hemingway's "Old Man And The Sea"—thinks it something he should have written for his own pleasure, then torn up.

I asked when he found time to read so much. "I have insomnia," he explained, "so I read most of the night."

He played the "For Lovers Only" recordings for me, and I told him that I thought they were quite wonderful—which I do, particularly "Melancholy Serenade," the theme of his TV show which Jackie wrote. So he asked if I'd like to go along to the recording ses-

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Milton Berle with his mother and his best girl, Ruth Cosgrove, arrive for the Broadway opening of Danny Kaye's show at the Palace Theatre in Manhattan.

sion that evening, and I said that I'd be delighted.

The numbers recorded that evening were of the hot Dixieland variety, with only a few phrases now and then suggestive of the romantic, haunting poignancy which distinguishes the "For Lovers Only" music. But I thought the music very fine indeed.

Most of all, however, I was both impressed and fascinated by Gleason, the Musical Director. This was a completely different man from Jackie Gleason, the comedian, and star of a big TV show. I've watched him at rehearsals of the show, and marvelled at his ease and nonchalance. He works, and works hard, but he retains an offhand, effortless manner which is probably due to years of training and experience. When he directs

his musicians, it's something else again; it looks very much like love to me.

Yes, most of all, Jackie loves people, and he's constantly surrounded with them. His apartment overflows with friends and guests streaming in and out as though it were always Open House on New Year's Day. And Jackie thrives on it. You don't have to be around him long to discover that he's a warm, extremely lovable understanding human being who likes to make people happy.

More than the awards being handed to him right and left these days, he'd like, I think, the words that I overheard from a hatcheck girl, formerly a show girl in a night club where Jackie was master of ceremonies: "He's not a ham like most of them; he's just a real nice guy." **END**

BRAINS NEED A LOW NECKLINE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

about to give Marilyn, to say nothing of Hedy and Marlene and Jane and Corinne, some concern.

Of her new intention to get down to bare essentials, Vanessa delivered a typical explanation as befitting her lofty I.Q.:

"I see no reason why I shouldn't consider posing in a very discreet and artistic manner to carry out the central theme of my new play. I just don't feel I can actually give the part the fullness and shading it demands unless I go through the experience of posing in the nude."

She meant that sex appeal had become a necessary ingredient of an actress' success.

Meanwhile, she did not realize, she added, that so many married photographers existed in Hollywood.

Following the back-to-nature school of Marilyn Monroe is Vanessa's latest, though not too surprising, phase in a busy career that is increasingly pointing away from exploitation of brains to that of beauty.

Once asked if brains were a handicap for a girl, she said explicitly and without the slightest hesitation:

"Not if she keeps them well hidden—behind a low neckline."

She was thwarted from such exhibitions in the movies. In her picture, "The Late George Apley," a scene was ruined for her, she said, "because it was decided my neckline was too low—they covered it up with some lace."

Such things, she declared, do not happen in television, although "if you don't use discretion, someone else will use it for you."

However, the girl who acquired a reputation in Hollywood for being a beautiful brain, or, if you prefer, a brainy beauty, has more cerebral reasons for shedding obscuring clothes. She states them thus:

"There is always enough in the life of an actress to draw upon when one plays a wronged woman or a woman caught in the strong tides of passion.

"But I have no actual frame of reference to give me the feeling of a girl who has posed in the nude."

Move over, professors, for a young woman who can rationalize intellectually with the best of you! The phrase "frame of reference" is a neat bit of entangling alliance with Supermind.

But Vanessa Brown is aware that regardless of her lack of experience as a *poseur au naturel* the quickest way for a girl to lose a man is to let her brains show.

Show him a few other things, is her advice. Plunging necklines help, she asserts. "I love them, I think they're very pretty. I favor them," she says frankly, "because I have nice shoulders."

She prefers sex appeal in the movies to mental magnetism any day. And she is thankful that television came to her rescue and substituted sexiness for braininess.

To look at her figure equipped to fill a bathing suit as it should be filled, to note her eager air, her vitality, her chestnut hair and vivid blue eyes, you somehow don't think of her as an intellectual.

"The kind of women who have a terrific impact on the world," she says, "don't struggle with sex versus brains. Each quality complements the other."

As a measure of her mental versatility, while all the time getting closer and closer to nature, she has also been busy-ing herself broadcasting in German, French, and Italian over "The Voice of America." And just before election she appeared in a newspaper forum discussing—believe it or not—ideas for voters.

Not long ago the compellingly un-plain Miss Brown said that women who are only endowed with beauty are often tragic figures, for "they make so many mistakes." A disarming statement, for sure. Was she not conceding, without conceit, that she was a young woman who not only had good looks but something more?

Such a comment helped to take her out of the shrinking violet classification in

which some Hollywood authorities had placed her.

Her TV parts—more than 60 of them in the past year, for which she crossed the continent 16 times—were, she said, a complete reversal of the prim, reserved characters she had been saddled with on the screen.

She must have been referring to her parts of the "proper Bostonian" in "The Late George Apley" and the stiffly decorous maid in "The Heiress."

Vanessa had come to Hollywood originally with the reputation of having been an intellectual wow as a quiz brat. The publicity of being a mental giant who always came up with the right reply did not further her movie career markedly.

Aware of Hollywood's gift for exaggeration, she made the pointed reminder that "if you are able to add one and one you immediately get a reputation for being a marvel."

The astonishing Vanessa had one of the highest I.Q.'s in the film capital. When she was only 13 and answering questions like an Einstein, she won the rating of 165. Genius rating, really.

In her new emancipation from the category of excessive mentality she also has branched out in physically magnetic parts on the stage. She played a role similar to Scarlett O'Hara in Shaw's "Philanderer." She toured with Katharine Hepburn in "As You Like It."

These activities served to arouse Hollywood's interest anew in Vanessa's film potentialities. Hollywood rubbed its eyes with the realization that here was a dynamic, devastating glamour girl, as well as a hefty thinker.

The studios even began to consider her for cheesecake roles. Cast as the scantily-clad Jane to Lex Barker's Tarzan, her film fortunes seemed beginning to turn. But it was not smooth going, even though she was making the curves with ease. Her sexy scenes were stolen by Cheetah, the chimp. That was a tough break!

No one should get the wrong idea about her, however. She is still interested in culture and higher education.

"I'm going to get my master's degree someday," she declares. "But I will get it under my real name of Smylla Brind."

Why not under that of Vanessa Brown, the name Mervyn LeRoy gave her when she became a screen actress? Then she could go on to get a Ph.D. Dr. Vanessa Brown in electric lights on theatre marquees would not be over-forbidding.

As the newest answer to a photographer's dream, she must realize now that it was easy for her with her curves and her brain to be a college student and a movie actress at the same time. As a matter of fact, she has been combining higher education and an acting career for many years. Why not? Her father is a language teacher, her mother a practicing psychologist.

Vanessa came here with her parents from her native Vienna when they saw the Nazi storm clouds gathering. Pretty and talented and intelligent, she was quickly engaged for a child part in the play, "Watch On The Rhine" in Chicago. Radio scouts saw her, signed her up for the Quiz Kids show. Hollywood scouts then heard about her, looked her over,

listened to her, and decided she was right up their boulevard.

She left Chicago for the West Coast, and while appearing in pictures for RKO and Republic, she continued her education in local schools and later at UCLA. And was she a busy coed! A full-fledged movie actress with a seven-year contract with Twentieth Century-Fox, student staff member of the college paper and magazine, and a top-ranking student all at the same time.

And, yes, she was also dating the college boys.

She walked off the campus in June, 1949, with a B.A. degree and a B-plus average. She had become, scholastically, a "Gee Whiz" kid. Vanessa remembers she went around feeling "squirmy" because people looked at her and said: "Gee whiz!" She got over that feeling when she grew wiser in feminine wiles.

She is glad she went to college, if only to realize that film stars are not the center of the universe.

"College gave me maturity and human values," she says, "and I am grateful." When she decides to leave her present glamour and glory she is confident she will still be a happy person instead of yesterday's star sighing regretfully over her scrapbooks.

It took her quite a time to be considered a girl who knows a few things other than what she reads in books. She noted that Lauren Bacall was being tabbed "the look," Marie MacDonald "the body," Marlene Dietrich "the legs" and so on.

But what was Vanessa dubbed? "The

brain," and by some of the quicker-tongued, "The I-Qutie."

She was in eight Twentieth Century-Fox pictures when she decided she wasn't busy enough. So she obtained her release from the company and did free-lance work for a while. In 1949, just after she turned 21, she had the chance to revisit Germany as a member of a cast which included Constance Bennett and Charles Ruggles, to present a play for the American Airlift forces. The play, oddly enough, was "Over 21." She was away for seven weeks. The experience was invaluable.

Vanessa discovered she could arouse wolf whistles as well as interpret drama.

Since her return she has enlarged her knowledge of wolves. Today, she's certain all men are wolves.

"Every man is on the prowl, consciously or sub-consciously, regardless of age," Vanessa declares. And it's the sub-conscious wolf who "is the more dangerous, especially if he has reached middle-age."

Being the happily-married wife of Dr. Alan Franklin, a Hollywood plastic surgeon, has not prevented her from being a target for wolves, professional or amateur.

"The professional wolf isn't easily discouraged," she says. "But the job can be done. I know, I've done it. Taming a middle-aged wolf takes time and technique, but it's worthwhile. Some of my best friends are tamed wolves."

Vanessa recalls one mature wolf in particular, whom she met when she first went to Hollywood and was nourishing

most proudly her very high I.Q. rating.

"This man was so charming, so thoughtful, so apparently sincere, I thought. I believed he was genuinely interested in my mind. I was mistaken.

"I learned at 17 that there are two kinds of wolves. And this man was the second kind—the dangerous kind who gains a girl's confidence under false pretenses.

"The other kind of wolf isn't very dangerous because he is obvious. He is only after one thing. Usually, he is a young man whose technique is underdeveloped."

Vanessa holds to the idea that a wolf can be put in his place and kept there if a girl, without any equivocation or ambiguity, tells him that all she intends to be is "a friend."

In "The Seven Year Itch" Vanessa plays a glamorous model who lives upstairs over a middle-aged man whose wife has gone on a vacation for the first time in their seven years of marriage.

What happens? Vanessa, in a dream sequence which is the high spot of the play, drifts down to his apartment wearing practically nothing—and almost scares him to death.

Incidentally, little Miss Brown takes a poke at the word "glamour." Though glamour roles have displaced the sedate parts she used to play, she prefers the term "magnetic" to "glamorous."

Maybe there is good reason. One of her favorite authors, Noah Webster, defines "magnetic" as "endowed with great personal attractiveness." END

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SENT ON APPROVAL

UNCOVERING A NEW MONA

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

play bit parts. Her best role for Paramount, before securing her release, was "Dear Ruth." Meanwhile, she married Pat Nerney and soon had a daughter, Mona. The marriage, like her movie career, started off promisingly, but gradually faltered. Mona and Pat separated. Well, with the jolting experiences Mona was getting, careerwise, and worldlywise, she really grew up, got the looks, poise and characteristics of a mature young

woman. The lack of these had previously hindered her progress. Now, Mr. Hughes again has Mona working for him. But it's a brand new Mona. She's in "Angel Face" and will follow this as the star of "Size Twelve." It is now agreed the new Mona is ready for full-fledged stardom. Nothing is more exciting than that for an actress. Mona, at last, will know the joys and sorrows of being a really big star. **END**

WHAT HOLLYWOOD ITSELF IS TALKING ABOUT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

one of the nicest guys in or out of this town. People close to Anne think she's a little mixed up, what with all the eccentric antics she's been pulling, prompted by a local press agent. Then there's the school of thought that she's torching for John too, and that they'll get back together and make sense.

The newest character in town is Richard Burton, the exciting and attractive young Englishman of "My Cousin Rachel" and "Desert Rats." He's a pal of the James Masons and he and Mrs. B. moved in with Jean Simmons while Stewart Granger was away filming "All The Brothers Were Valiant." For gags, Burton sidles up to pretty dolls and, making like a gangster, asks them if they want to see his gun. So out he comes with a dangerous looking model which turns out to be made of rubber. Everybody is crazy about this guy, and he's copped off one of the real plum picture parts—he'll be Marcellus in "The Robe."

When Peggy Lee married Brad Dexter her favorite director, Michael Curtiz, attended the wedding and offered to give it a real professional touch by suggesting that they move the altar to another spot for a better effect. He was kidding, of course. Everybody's happy about this marriage on account of Peggy's one of the nicest gals in this town.

Haven't heard much about Cornel Wilde lately? Well, he and Jean Wallace are off in French Morocco where he's making "Saadia" for MGM. Before they left, Franchot Tone put up a protest about Cornel and Jean taking the two Tone sons with them because he was afraid it was an unhealthy climate. Jean used to be married to Franchot, you know.

Those two sensational youngsters, the Bell Sisters, make their movie debut in Columbia's "Cruisin' Down The River." Lotta singing talent in this one—Dick Hayes, Billy Daniels and Connie Russell will take the musical cruise.

When the romantic Vittorio Gassman

came to Hollywood he expected that things would be different from the realistic, on-the-spot way Italian pictures are made. He expected large sound stages, elaborate costumes, and the works—the way Hollywood's always built up. So his first picture was "The Glass Wall" which was made on the streets of New York, nowhere near a studio sound stage. The elaborate costumes he expected to wear turned into one outfit—a beatup pair of pants and a sport shirt—that cost all of \$16. All the same like in Italy.

Director Henry Hathaway of "White Witch Doctor" watched his star Susan Hayward open a large box of roses on the set one day, and asked her who sent them. Susie said she'd sent them to herself, just because she loves flowers.

An attractive young man who's a good chum of ours—name's John Raven and you saw him in "Rancho Notorious" and "San Francisco Story"—has been working like crazy on a new nightclub act which will have its debut come about now in one of London's swankiest supper clubs, the Berkley.

Two who might become a team are Rosalind Russell and Marie Wilson. With the great success of "Never Wave At A Wac" the gals decided it'd be fun to do a repeat, and their next one has Roz as a TV actress getting involved with a gangster's girl—Marie, of course. Sounds like fun.

Couple of married teams are getting together professionally—Richard Conte and his Ruth are appearing in Alex Gottlieb's mystery meller, "Blue Gardenia," and Ronnie Reagan's little woman, Nancy Davis, joins him in the Ford TV Theatre production "First Born." Nancy's been so busy being Mrs. Reagan and having a child that she hasn't given much thought to her career.

Mari Blanchard, U-I's newest glamour gal, gets a strenuous workout in "Prince Of Bagdad" when she walks through about 90 guys having a blood-and-thunder brawl. The studio picked out two husky wrestlers to pilot her safely

through the slugging mob into the waiting arms of Victor Mature.

What to do with your old shoes if you're a romantic star named Jeff Chandler. Seems a fan of his wrote and asked Jeff for a cast-off pair of his size elevens. Jeff sent them off to her and forgot about the strange request until he got a letter from his admirer telling him she'd planted flowers in them and that they were growing just fine. Along with Jeff in "East Of Sumatra" is the young Latin boy Eugene Iglesias (*you saw him in "The Brave Bulls"*). At a party Carole Mathews gave, Gene not only cooked up a batch of sensational Mexican food but he also sat down with his guitar and played and sang some of the most exciting Andalusian folk-songs we've ever heard. Couple of producers at the party were bug-eyed listening, so you're apt to be hearing Gene do these on the screen.

We sneaked up on a sneak of U-I's "Take Me To Town" which Ross Hunter, who produced it, has been so excited about for the reason that a gal by the name of Ann Sheridan is the star. Well, you've just never seen Annie until you see this one. She is but great!

Oh, we gotta tell you the gag Jeff Chandler played on Marilyn Maxwell in "East Of Sumatra." Marilyn's supposed to sock Jeff on the jaw and, quite to her horror and dismay Jeff spit teeth in all directions after she punched him. Jeff the Joker had supplied himself with some trick teeth without Marilyn knowing it, and had a prop man all primed to rush up with a towel covered with ketchup to add more realism to the gag. Just before Marilyn swooned, Jeff hurried up to explain it was all for laughs.

Latest romance of Terry Moore's is the attractive young actor Laurence Harvey who will make his American debut as Caligula in "The Robe." Things are on the up-beat for Terry, whose sensational part in "Come Back Little Sheba" made everyone Moore conscious.

Bob Wagner and Barbara Stanwyck still continue to be very close and to have fun together—while Bob Taylor takes Ursula Thiess around when he isn't off hunting or flying his airplane around the country.

Saw Richard Long at U-I the other day—looking just as young and cute as he did before he went off to the wars. Reckon he's glad the "Ma And Pa Kettle" series sort of demised while he was away—he was about to be typed forever as their son. Now maybe he can get into the glamour department again.

Two of my favorite people, Gene and Miriam Nelson, celebrated their eleventh wedding anniversary. Gene was in a celebrating mood because he got to shave off a big old handlebar mustache he'd been growing for weeks for a picture. Finally Warners notified him he could shave as they were switching him to another film, so he was able to look his cute self for the anniversary. **END**

TY'S GAY DOUBLE LIFE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

Francesca. She, unquestionably, is the strongest bond between them. Ty is so fortunate in having a woman like Linda for a wife. She has loved him unselfishly, lived in his shadow, without subjugating her own sparkling individuality. She has made him forget his marriage to Annabella which turned out unhappily; also his rebound romance with Lana Turner which, after so swift and direct a start,

floundered hopelessly. Linda, too, has encouraged Ty broadmindedly in his career, especially during that depressing period when, no matter how tirelessly and conscientiously he labored on films, none proved a box-office success. Ty loves his Linda deeply. Yet he's devoted to his career as an actor. But it's a double life of which Linda, now living one of her own, naturally approves. **END**

MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

Marguerite Piazza hopes to star in an Italian movie based on the life and times of composer Puccini late this Summer during her "Show Of Shows" vacation. She's mourning the loss of her devoted husband, the late J. Graves MacDonald . . .

Wally ("Mr. Peepers") Cox, who never got more than a faint nibble from Hollywood talent scouts while he was in New York cafes and musical revues, is now fighting off the movie moguls who have invited him to write his own ticket to Movieville. To date, Wally says "no thanks." He'll stick to TV . . .

Little Doe Rogers, the baby girl recently adopted by Roy and Dale Evans Rogers, is a Choctaw Indian taken from a Texas orphanage. Roy, himself part Choctaw, hopes that he and Dale will have another addition to the family via the adoption route on or about next Thanksgiving Day . . .

THOUGHT WHILE DIALING:—Doesn't Dagmar get confused when people she knows hail her by different names. For instance, when she has to answer to "Dag," "Jen" or "Ginny" what is the immediate thought association she has with those nicknames which are really meant for Dagmar, Jennie and Virginia, in that order. Born Virginia Ruth Egnar, she adopted Jennie Lewis as a professional name before switching to Dagmar for her video debut several years ago. She has every intention of remaining Dagmar in the future, but I just can't help but wonder what her reaction is to, say, some shrill feminine voice shrieking "Jen" or a deep basso male thundering out "Hey, Ginny!" Knowing Dagmar, I don't believe she'd tell, which is all the more reason why I'm curious . . .

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER! Ventriloquist Paul Winchell had to sleep the night in the lobby of an over-crowded Providence, Rhode Island, hotel recently when he went there to make personal appearances. Although he had telephoned in a reservation himself, there was no record of it when he arrived to check in. After

spending an uncomfortable, sleepless night, it was discovered that the reservation in Paul Winchell's name was automatically listed by the room clerk in the name of Jerry Mahoney, Paul's famous side-kick dummy!

After their local commitment, Paul and Jerry went on to make another personal appearance in the toy department of a large store in Newark, New Jersey. Large newspaper ads had heralded Paul's appearance days before. When he arrived in Newark, a big hurricane was in progress and a near-state of emergency had been declared as a precautionary measure. Nevertheless, there were several hundred youngsters in the store's toy department waiting patiently for Paul and Jerry. Paul was frankly amazed at the turnout and approached a young mother of a five-year-old boy who was present.

"Why did you bring your little boy out on a day like this?" inquired Paul. "There's a ferocious gale blowing outdoors."

The woman, sighing deeply, replied, "I promised my little boy that he could see you today, and if you know anything about children and about the nagging that takes place if you disappoint them, then you'll appreciate why in comparison with all this, the storm outside is nothing!"

BUSY SIGNALS: Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are as contrasting in backstage manners during a TV show rehearsal as they are in physical appearances. Dean performs as required by his director, then in-between times, he relaxes completely leaning or sitting, mildly bored with everything going on about him. Jerry, on the other hand, never calms down, instead he's forever running all over the place, revising bits of horseplay business to be done on the show, changing lines and cues with the cooperation of the director. In general, he's a beehive of activity when he's not practising or performing. The only time in recent memory that Jerry was relaxed during a TV program rehearsal was the afternoon he almost collapsed from fright. His \$7,000 movie camera which he had brought to the studio with him was "missing" when he went to record a few

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backstage incidents with it. The stagehand who so thoughtfully had put the camera away for safekeeping had ducked out for coffee and didn't know that Jerry was near having shock looking for his "lost" property. The comedy star survived, of course, and the incident was forgotten just as quickly as it happened, but for those around the Martin and Lewis TV sets each show, they'd just as soon have Jerry active and Dean loafing. They're used to the comedy team that way and any changes in their deportment upsets the usual madhouse routine. Jerry leaves his valuable camera at home these days . . .

LONDON CALLING: Romney Wheeler, chief of NBC's London bureau, has been a constant overseas caller with news about NBC's TV coverage of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in London, June 2nd. Plans for bringing the royal festivities to NBC TV audiences have been under way for more than a year. Not until the great day is closer at hand will it be officially announced by NBC Television here and in London, that it will be brought "live" to American video audiences.

GIT ALONG LITTLE MAGGI, GIT ALONG:—Gabby Hayes went to bat in defense of other famous, if not *all* cowboys, who on and off TV wear their hats, the ten gallon lids, that is, in the house. Fans who have been curious as to the correctness of this practice can be assured that ranchhands and cowmen wear their hats indoors without any complaints from their womenfolk because the wide brimmed felts make the best eyeshades. Ranchhouse guests in the West can spot an Easterner the minute he walks in and automatically doffs his Stetson. According to Gabby, the Emily Post of the Corrals has approved the wearing of hats indoors. It isn't quite clear to many a dude like me, however, just *why* a man *wants* an eyeshade in the house while he's having dinner or playing cards.

Sticking to the Boots and Saddles side of the news this month, Gene Autry came through with an explanation as to the difference in the pronunciations of the word rodeo. From what Gene had to say, Westerners call cowboy roping and riding contests, ro-de-o, but what they call the working round-up is ro-day-o. To make my education in matters wild and woolly more complete, Gene also volunteered the information that just as trained nurses can recognize each other's school by their caps, one cowboy can tell another's home state by the size, shape and crush of his hat.

MOVIE AND TV GET-TOGETHER: One of the most exciting theatrical events of the season added glitter and gaiety to the local Broadway sector and was shared by TV audiences through the facilities of the American Broadcasting Company. At the famous Roxy Theatre, the world premiere of 20th Century-Fox's Technicolor musical production, "Stars And Stripes Forever," was emceed by Robert Q. Lewis and your correspondent during a 30-minute ABC video show. Robert



Waukegan Wit Jack Benny recently made "concert violinist" debut on TV show.

Q. and I chatted with the stars as they arrived by limousine. In addition to society, theatre and civic notables in attendance, TV stars who added large globs of glamour and excitement were Gertrude Berg, escorted by her husband; Gladys Swarthout, Arlene Francis (*with hubby Martin Gabel*), Rita Gam (*with her ditto, Sidney Lumet*), Dorothy Kilgallen, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, Eloise McElhone and Fran Warren.

It was Gertrude Berg, in black velvet and a black fox stole, who created the greatest stir in the Roxy lobby as she arrived in front of the TV cameras and smiled her greetings to the thousands of fans who were blocking traffic and cheering her entrance. The beloved actress wore a large diamond lavalier and in her hair, a matching pin sprayed with diamonds that sparkled like a halo as she strolled into the theatre. A far cry from the house dresses of "The Goldbergs."

TV'S TEN BEST DRESSED MEN:—After very careful consideration, I've decided to take the plunge and get myself out on a limb over just who the ten best dressed men are in television. The task of selecting men whose tastes in tailoring and the manner in which they wear their clothes, come under the heading of "best dressed," hasn't been an easy one. Observation of the personalities chosen below (*and please note we list them alphabetically to avoid mayhem within the ranks*) was done while the men were on and off TV screens. Since many of our television stars sometimes wear costumes or the traditional dinner jackets during course of their shows, it has only been fair to give each of the gentlemen considered (*and there were hundreds to choose from*) every opportunity to shine in apparel that was becoming and correct at all times, as seen by me at parties and other functions requiring the can-

didates to be at their best dressed. Unbeknown to them, they were thoroughly scrutinized and scored in-between canapes, cocktails and chit chat. Your admitted Mata Hari submits the ten best dressed men in TV, to wit:—Desi Arnaz, Lee Bowman, Bud Collyer, Perry Como, Robert Cummings, Bob Hope, Gordon MacRae, Robert Montgomery, Bud Palmer, Ezio Pinza.

BEST HOSTESS OF THE MONTH was Dorothy Kilgallen, the brilliant "What's My Line" panelist who, with her husband Richard Kollmar, gave one of the season's gayest parties at Sherman Billingsley's famous Stork Club. Chinese in motif with superb Cantonese cooking the featured cuisine for the midnight revels, Dorothy had as much fun planning the party as each and every one of her guests did being there. Held in the private upstairs quarters at the Stork, the room was gaily decorated with numerous handlettered signs in Chinese script and several headwaiters had donned coolie costumes complete with caps and pigtails to complete the oriental effect. Peter Lind Hayes arrived wearing a Sherlock Holmes-type of jacket with a flap-eared cap to further set off the effect. Exiting from the elevator he insisted he and his wife Mary Healy had arrived by way of a rickshaw which he explained was then standing out in front of Mr. Billingsley's establishment. Dorothy's guests just took Peter Lind's word for it and let it go at that. A scout later reported that a young white mare and dilapidated buggy were parked a few doors down the street and that the animal was attracting considerable attention by passersby. Busy munching a bag of fresh oats, the horse seemed to be sporting something that looked like black bangs, a set of oversized artificial eyelashes (*made of crepe paper*) and a rather exotic expression, somewhat theatrical for an obvious horse. Even with this wild report, guests refused to budge from the party to investigate.

Hostess Dorothy, regal and stunning in a white tulle gown by Ceil Chapman, greeted her guests as they arrived and most of the early party-goers were married couples such as Faye Emerson and Skitch Henderson, Anne Jeffreys and Robert Sterling, Mr. & Mrs. Tom Rogers (*she's designer Ceil Chapman, he's an MGM executive in NY*), Frank Chapman and Gladys Swarthout, Ed and Janet Madden (*he's an NBC-TV veepee*) and Mr. & Mrs. Huber Boscowitz, socialite friends of the host and hostess. Gladys Swarthout and Gypsy Rose Lee both wore flame red evening gowns and shortly after 2:00 A. M. Gypsy Rose Lee, who had just arrived from Europe that morning and didn't have a regular gown to wear, had to literally back out of the party in the red spangled costume she wore. Having sat down once, "Gyp" split her dress from hip to ankle and had to leave as unobtrusively as possible. This, as anyone can tell you, is not the easiest thing in the world to do, not in a red dress anyway.

All in all, it was a fun party and Dorothy is to be congratulated on its tremendous success. **END**

DANTON WALKER'S HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

co-star Clark Gable escorted her to the Nairobi Airfield and kissed her a fond farewell. Word travelled fast to New York about this "romance" which gave Ava's Frank Sinatra a big laugh right out loud in public. His feelings about the matter when he called her overseas from his New York hotel suite underwent a radical change however, and Ava had a lot of explaining to do. . .

Ann Sothern may desert Hollywood this summer for a long cross-country tour in the musical "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn." Ann has been invited to play "Aunt Cissie," the role originated by Shirley Booth on Broadway and later enacted by Joan Blondell in a similar countryside touring company. The pending production would eventually wend its way here which is something that appeals to Ann. She would like to return to the New York stage and erase the dull impressions made upon the critics in last year's stage play, "Faithfully Yours." Ann never had a chance in that one and she has hoped that she and Bob Cummings, her co-star, might find another comedy in which they could return to Broadway together. Until such time, "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn" would serve nicely as a solo starring vehicle and the delightfully comic singing role of "Aunt Cissie" should fit Ann Sothern's diverse

talents like the proverbial glove.

Speaking of Broadway stage plays brings to mind stars who made the round trip from Times Square to Sunset Boulevard and back to Broadway—Bette Davis, Katharine Hepburn, Patricia Neal, Margaret Sullivan, Arthur Kennedy, Vanessa Brown, Tom Ewell, Ralph Meeker, Tyrone Power and Martha Scott. They have done much to brighten the local showships this past season and most of the theatre critics were glad to be able to welcome them back. Despite critical panning by most of the theatre reviewers, it was Katharine Hepburn in "The Millionairess" and Bette Davis in "Two's Company" that created the greatest furor and brought the longest lines to the box-offices of their respective theatres. Even without the support of all the critics both actresses proved they could do no wrong with their loyal fans and it was Miss Hepburn who, for a solid ten weeks, (she had decided before opening in the G. Bernard Shaw comedy to limit the engagement to ten weeks) played to Standing Room Only every single performance.

Bette Davis finally opened in her musical revue, "Two's Company," with a record advance sale of more than half a million dollars in the theatre's vault.

Despite the notices she and the show received the day after the premiere, tickets were put on sale twenty weeks in advance, and shortly after the news was out that Bette Davis was "in" with her paying public, the advance sale climbed and climbed until at this writing it looks as though Hollywood won't be seeing Bette for many a moon to come.

DIRECT QUOTE AND UNQUOTE: Another popular screen actress now a "musical comedy star," Rosalind Russell, was also accorded a warm and friendly welcome at the box-office of her theatre where "Wonderful Town," a musical version of a former stage and screen comedy hit, "My Sister Eileen," was in the process of coming to Broadway. The Roz Russell fans stormed the ticket-sellers window weeks in advance of the announced opening date and when the news got back to actress Russell she said, "it makes me feel good all over, like Little Orphan Annie, sort of. Thank God for movie fans. Bless 'em, too. What would people like me do without them at a time like this!" The star of "Never Wave At A Wac" would like to go to London, England, eventually with her "Wonderful Town."

OLD ACQUAINTANCE: Van Johnson attended a performance of Leonard Sillman's "New Faces" at the Royale Theatre and was mobbed by fans before, during and after the musical revue. When he went backstage to visit the cast of rela-

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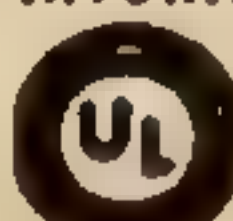
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tive unknowns being presented by producer Sillman as his personal discoveries, it was Van himself who first-off reminded impresario Sillman that he, Van, worked in another "New Faces" revue, vintage of 1937, and that at the time he was following in the footsteps of other "New Faces" of earlier years, Henry Fonda, Imogene Coca, Eve Arden, Gypsy Rose Lee, Tyrone Power and Richard Carlson among them. Van went from the 1937 "New Faces" into the chorus of the Roxy Theatre stage shows and later appeared in such musicals as "Too Many Girls" and "Pal Joey." It was his work in the latter that sent him on his way to Hollywood fame.

While chatting with "Pal Joey" star, Vivienne Segal, in her dressing room backstage at the Broadhurst Theatre, several callers were announced to Miss Segal (who was the star of the original production of "Pal Joey" when Van was hoofing in its chorus), Desi Arnaz among them. In time, Desi who was featured in "Too Many Girls" with Van, started a gabfest that went on and on. When the trio decided to cross the street and have supper at Sardi's they discovered the popular actors' hangout had closed. It was three o'clock in the morning! That's one reunion in Manhattan none of them will ever forget.

Manhattan autograph-seekers have found a new spot for securing signatures of Hollywood stars. It's a small art gallery on fashionable Madison Avenue in the 60's called The Little Studio. The steady stream of Hollywoodites who drop in to view the exhibits and perhaps make a purchase or two, do so because the art shop has several famous movie stars sponsoring it. Ginger Rogers, Dorothy Lamour and Faye Emerson are a few of the patronesses, in addition to some of New York's top society leaders. The combination of Hollywood names and Gotham topdrawer socialites makes the gallery a "must" for most of the screen stars bound east for New York.

It must be the cultural atmosphere, for every request for an autograph has been granted to date, with the usual exceptions being Katharine Hepburn and Greta Garbo. The well-mannered youngsters who have been milling about the shop have found Debra Paget, Joseph Cotten, Robert Montgomery, Eleanor Parker and Dorothy McGuire, among the many, only too willing to comply. In defense of the Misses Hepburn and Garbo who never do give autographs, the celebrated actresses may not make it a Red Letter Day for the youngsters outside, but for the unknown artists whose works are displayed for sale inside, it's a different story. Both Hepburn and Garbo buy works of art in The Little Studio the way most of us purchase magazines. Several struggling artists who have been unheard of in the past, have suddenly become established through the sale of their easel efforts to such as Garbo and Hepburn who pass the paintings on to personal friends as gifts.

Abbe Lane (Mrs. Xavier Cugat) featured in her movie debut in U-I's "Wings Of The Hawk," will be given a big

buildup by her studio after a publicity whirl in and around glamorous New York night spots. Originally a Brooklyn girl, Abbe appeared on the Broadway stage as Abbe Marshall, a singer in a musical called "As The Girls Go." In the show she was from time to time either a platinum blonde, a red head or a striking brunette. When she became vocalist with the Cugat orchestra (and eventually his bride) her hair was coal black. She's a protege of Vincent Lopez, the man credited with sending Betty Hutton on her way to fame. For her second screen appearance, Abbe Lane will revert to chalk white tresses in a bid to out-Lana Turner, and to out-measure Marilyn Monroe. Of all the newer actresses who are being hailed as "another" Turner and Monroe, Abbe Lane comes closest to having the talent to make a name for herself and to move in on that territory reserved for topflight Screen Queens. Further, Abbe has youth; she's nineteen and has a burning desire to be a major motion picture actress.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD: When Shirley Booth went to Hollywood for the first time to make, "Come Back, Little Sheba," her chief problem was not how would she photograph on the screen, or whether her performance would please moviegoers, but how she would get through the main gate at the Paramount Studios. Unknown to studio officials and other Paramount employees, Shirley decided that when she approached the famous iron grill gates she would merely announce herself to the gateman as "Miss Booth to see Mr. Hal Wallis, please" and let it go at that. Mr. Wallis could then send someone out to get her and take her into his office.

The first day she had to report for work she no sooner opened her mouth to speak, than the gateman removed his hat, swooped down into a low bow and grinned, saying, "Glad to see you, Miss Booth, and welcome to Hollywood!" Shirley, delighted with the unexpected reception, couldn't resist asking him his name and how he recognized her.

"Very simple," is what doorman Tom Matson answered. "I spend my annual vacation in New York taking in all the Broadway stage plays. I've seen you in every play you've appeared in since 'My Sister Eileen' and that was more than twelve years ago. How could I not know who you are. You're my favorite stage actress!"

That will explain how it is that when Hollywood gatekeeper Tom Matson visits New York late next month he'll be Shirley Booth's guest at a performance of her newest stage hit, "The Time Of The Cuckoo" which she opened in after finishing the film version of "Come Back, Little Sheba" . . .

BRIEFS: George Sanders and Zsa Zsa Gabor tiffed in the lobby of their hotel before he left for London, then kissed and made up all the way out to Idlewild Airport for the benefit of photographers . . . Before departing for Jamaica, B.W.I., for film work, Stewart Granger packed several jars of preserved chestnuts to take with him, a gift for Winston Church-

ill, visiting the West Indian island at the same time . . . Ethel ("Call Me Madam") Merman and singer Russell Nype exited from the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, got caught in the revolving door and delayed the departure of the royal couple, who fell victim to the hordes of photographers they had been avoiding all evening . . . Colette Marchand of "Moulin Rouge" and Jeanmaire of "Hans Christian Andersen" are both being sought for roles in John Murray Anderson's "Almanac," a forthcoming Broadway musical . . . Ethel Waters, the "Member Of The Wedding" co-star, and Lena Horne are both candidates for major roles in another pending Broadway musical, "Be My Guest" . . . Elizabeth Taylor will do her Easter shopping along Fifth Avenue and then parade in her new Spring finery come April 5th.

Dame rumor has it along the Broadway Beat that Sylvia Ashley Fairbanks Gable, the "ex Mrs. Clark" that is, has a financial as well as romantic interest in Richard Greene's planned movie, "The Promise," which will be filmed in Italy late this Summer after Greene winds up his acting chores with the touring play, "Dial M For Murder." His contract for the latter expires May 30th. His agreement with the glamorous Sylvia gives her the right to sit in on story and casting conferences for "The Promise."

Deanna Durbin is still in the running for the lead role in 20th Century-Fox's musical production originally called "The Girl With Black Glasses" and set in the famous Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The plot of the film, which parallels the real life experience of Roberta Peters, will be enhanced with Technicolor. Miss Peters won acclaim on the Met Opera stage several years ago when she stepped into the role of Zerlina in "Don Giovanni" after Nadine Conner collapsed with a sudden illness. Deanna, who has been dieting carefully and maintaining her voice lessons daily, may edge out Miss Peters who has been seriously considered for the leading role in the film now tentatively called, "Opera House."

Columbia University officials in uptown Manhattan aren't so sure they want Stanley Kramer, producer of "The Caine Mutiny," to send cameramen and equipment to the college campus for exterior shots of the famous university. On the other hand, nightclub proprietors on New York's West 52nd Street, the famed "Swing Lane," are hoping they'll get into the act and be included in the Big Town scenes.

Several of those recorded Barbara Payton-Sonny Tufts on-the-set explosions and line fluffings during rehearsals for "Run For The Hills" are now being played by New York hostesses who entertain visiting celebrities with the amusing recordings. They are considered by many to be the funniest of the more recent recorded flubs, the best, at least since Bing Crosby's memorable singing slips made at recording sessions for "Holiday Inn" and "Going My Way." **END**

MAKE WAY FOR BEAUTY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

it adds a sensuous look! Obviously, a liquid formula is an essential to achieve the subtleties necessary in these tricks with rouge. Helena Rubinstein has a new Silk-Tone Liquid Rouge created especially to blend into your natural skin tones without leaving any hint of where the color begins or ends.

Further requirements for "The Siren Look" include a vivid red lipstick, to make your lips more provocative, and an Auto-pencil and Waterproof Mascara to emphasize your eyes. The eye pencil also should be used to etch the eyebrows in a tapering line that is heaviest at the beginning and arched in the middle for a sophisticated "high brow" expression. And there you have all the ingredients to turn you into an alluring 1953 edition of the femme fatale.

When it comes to facing the problem of improving skin texture the scientific answer is always lanolin, because lanolin approximates the natural protective oil of the skin itself. Most of us understand this truth but many still fail to realize that lanolin is equally beneficial to hair. It's the presence of lanolin that helps make Lustre-Creme Shampoo such a potent ally in your post-Winter campaign for glossy, manageable tresses. The shampoo itself is a super-cleanser that makes a luxuriant lather in spite of hard water. The lanolin does its job of conditioning so unobtrusively you'd never suspect the shampoo even had any in its formula.

You use Lustre-Creme just like other shampoos—first wetting the hair thoroughly, then applying a small amount of the frothy cream and working it into a lather with your fingertips. Rinse and repeat. As you undoubtedly know, Lustre-Creme is a favorite with a great many stars who not only use it themselves but recommend it enthusiastically.

There's another exceedingly helpful boon to hair beauty that you should know about because it too contains processed lanolin. You get it by going to your neighborhood drug or variety store and asking for "Nestle Superset Waving Lotion"—an eight-ounce bottle sells for only 25c. You won't find the lotion either thick or sticky, nor will there be any of that flaking that is the main objection to so many setting preparations. What you will discover is that Superset gives your hair body and helps keep it sleek and glossy. Other plus features are the rapidity with which the lotion dries and the very pleasant fragrance it leaves on your hair.

Any perplexity you may have been feeling about just which perfume to change to for Spring should be speedily routed by Bourjois' "Carnival of Values." Here are three famous perfumes—Endearing, Evening in Paris, and Mais Oui, arranged in a gay patent purse kit. The trio in cologne versions comes packed in a bright red case. Translated into stick form, the three are packaged in gold foil. Each set is just \$1. **END**

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RECORD ROUNDUP

Tops In Movie Music

"THE Second Star To The Right," from "Peter Pan," and "You Have My Sympathy" by Doris Day for Columbia . . . Danny Kaye's "Danny At The Palace" album from vaudeville show, for Decca . . . Rosemary Clooney's "The Stars Are Singing" album, from film of same name, for Columbia . . . "Oh, Moon" and "Hush-A-Bye," from "The Jazz Singer," by Danny Thomas for Victor . . . Tony Martin's "You're So Dangerous" and "The Ghost Of A Rose" for Victor . . . Gordon MacRae's "How Do You Speak To An Angel?" and "Congratulations To Someone" for Capitol . . . Bing Crosby's "Open Your Heart" and "You Don't Know What Lonesome Is" for Decca . . . Vaughn Monroe's "Isn't It A Small World" and "Lonely Eyes" for Victor . . . "The Astaire Story" LP album by Fred Astaire for Mercury . . . Doris Day's "I Know A Place" and "That's What Makes Paris Patee," from "April In Paris," for Columbia . . .

Other Toppers

PERRY COMO'S "Wild Horses" and "I Confess" for Victor . . . "Downhearted" and "How Do You Speak To An Angel?" by Eddie Fisher for Victor . . . Norman Greene's "Suspicion" and "Blue Porcelain" for MGM . . . Sammy Kaye's "Hur-

ry, Hurry, Hurry" and "The Dance Of Mexico" for Columbia . . . "Studio One Concerto" and "I'm Used To You" by Art Lowry for Columbia . . . Sunny Gale's "Tear Drops On My Pillow" and "Stolen Waltz" for Victor . . . "Blue Violins" and "Fandango" by Hugo Winterhalter for Victor . . . Frank Petty's "Sweethearts On Parade" album for MGM . . . Tony Alamo's "The Clown" and "Is It Love You're After" for MGM . . . June Hutton's "I Had A Little Too Much To Dream Last Night" and "Song Of The Sleigh Bells" for Capitol . . . Billy Eckstine's "Until Eternity" and "Everything Depends On You" for MGM . . . "The Doggie In The Window" and "My Jealous Eyes" by Patti Page for Mercury . . . Nat King Cole's "Don't Let Your Eyes Go Shopping For Your Heart" and "Pretend" for Capitol . . . Kay Starr's "Side By Side" and "Noah!" for Capitol . . .

Grab Bag

HENRI RENE'S "Madalena" and "Pretend" for Victor . . . Al Martino's "Rachel" and "One Lonely Night" for Capitol . . . "New Juke Box Saturday Night" and "Runnin' Wild" by the Modernaires for Coral . . . "I Went To Your Wedding" and "I'll Never Work There Anymore" by Spike Jones for Victor . . .

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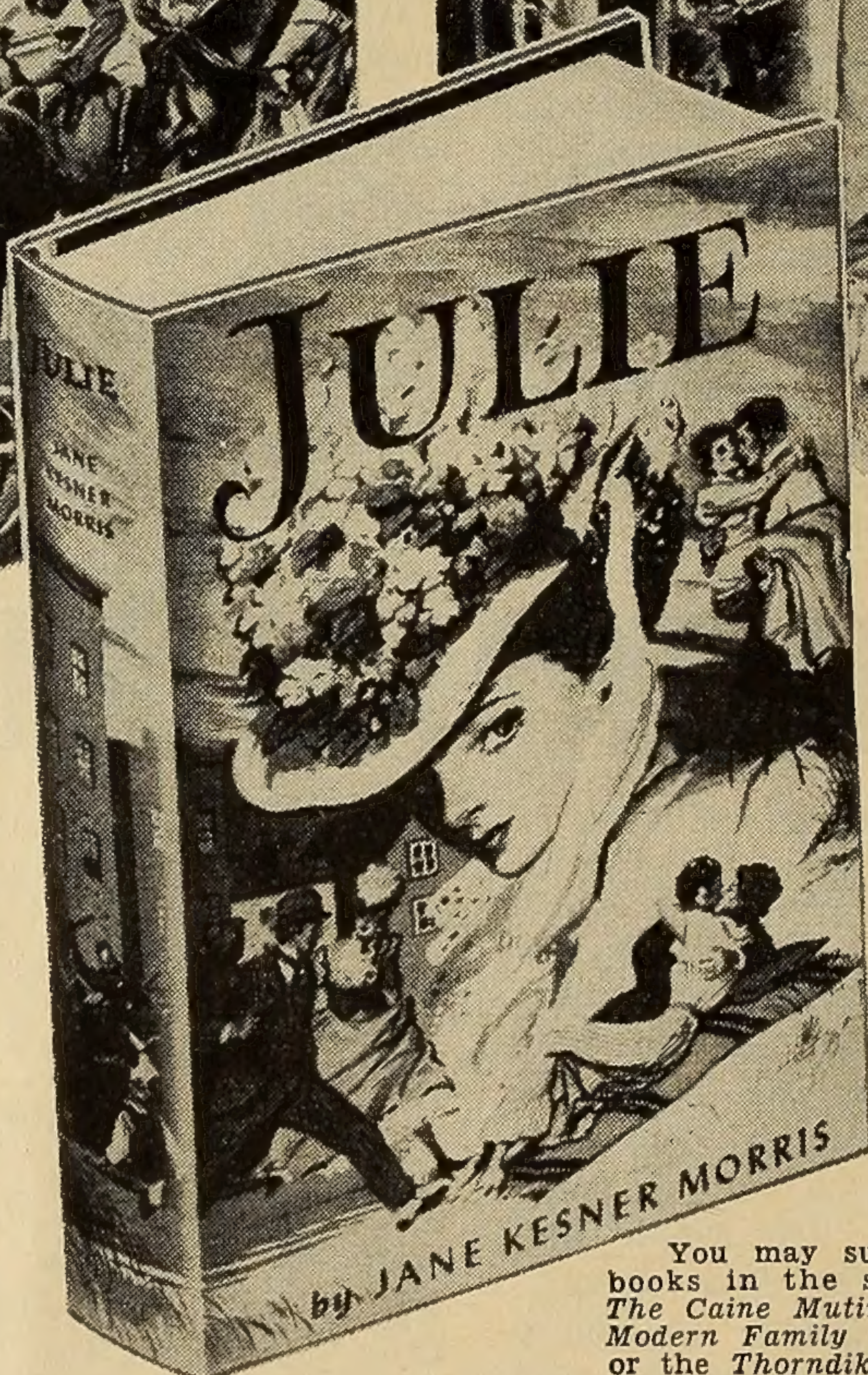
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